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The Mystery Of "The Devil's Kitchen" and Other Stories.

By George Dreisbach.

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When The War Is Over.
Written when the armistice was signed.

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When The War Is Over.

By George Dreisbach.

When the war is over and the cannons cease to roar;
When the bloody sword is sheathed, and fighting is no more;
When bullets quit their hissing; and bayonets their thrusts;
And kings and rulers conquered are shorn of all their lusts;
When our brave, valiant soldier boys, ease the triggers down
Because they know the tricky foe is parted from his crown;
When the ships that ride the air, and those that sail the sea,
Are placed in peaceful harbors, making air and water free;
When poison gas is bottled up; barbed wire baled away;
And submarines are buried deep where they'll forever stay;
And all the other modes of war are silenced by the gun—
Then we are sure we've beaten them and victory is won.

What a demonstration in this wide world there'll be,
When from the yoke of tyranny the people know they're free.
The monarchies will not exist; the laity will feel
Safe from the grip of autocrats with whom they could not deal.
The world will work in harmony and strive all nations will
To stifle war ambitions, to reduce warfare to nil.
The fear of God will dominate, no one again will try
To rule the world by force of arms against the Man on high.
The fear of war will never be a thorn in life's pathway,
Conflict and strife no longer rule; peace will forever stay.
And the command "Love one another" by all will be obeyed,
Until the time we're called on high and final count is made.

When the boys come marching home, how happy all will be
To join the loved ones left behind, when they crossed the sea.
A mother's kiss will be sublime, her heart will beat with pride,
Her eyes will light with pleasure for her son who's by her side.
A sister with her eyes aglow, all of a tremble stands,
To greet her soldier brother, to grasp his loving hands.
A wife comes forward eagerly, her heart throbs joyfully,
For husband has returned to her, from war lords he is free.
A hug, a kiss, a fond embrace, words of endearment sweet,
Show lovers reunited, it is joy to see them meet.
Children crowd around papa. they're glad he's home once more,
To fondle and to play with them, to roll them on the floor.

In a room a mother sits, she watches, but in vain,
She listens for the footsteps that will never sound again.
A father too, bows low his head; his pride, his joy, is gone;
A moan of anguish comes from him; 'tis for his only son.
Sister, brother, children too, all miss the one who lies
Dead and cold, beneath the ground, under foreign skies.
A sweetheart mourns. her lover's gone, he was true and brave,
His manly form, khaki-clad, is in a foreign grave.
A woman watches wistfully, she used to be a wife,
But husband now lies over there, where he gave up his life.
For freedom all have given, some more than the rest;
But those who sacrificed their lives, we love them the best.

DEC -5 1921

The Mystery Of "The Devil's Kitchen."

By George Dreisbach.

About a mile west of Upper Lehigh, in the state of Pennsylvania, there is a row of rocks, along the mountain edge, known as "The Devil's Kitchen." There is a depression in the mountain at this place and it forms a defile called "Hell Kitchen Hollow." The soubriquets were given to both places by soldiers of the Revolutionary War.

On a pleasant summer day in the year 1777, a young, pretty girl, was riding, on horseback, through the woods north of the creek that is now called "The Honey Hole." She arrived at the creek and without a moment's hesitation urged the horse into the water. On the other side she rode to the foot of the mountain, tied the horse to a tree, took a bag, containing her lunch, from the saddle, then started to climb the mountain, and being a strong, robust girl, she soon reached the top. She sat on a rock to rest, while she viewed the beautiful scene below. The birds calling to each other, and the noise of a stream of water, as it tumbled over the rocks, down through the defile, on its way to the creek, were the only sounds she could hear. Suddenly a deer appeared from behind a thicket, bounded across an opening and disappeared among the trees, the girl admiring the splendid animal until it disappeared.

It was almost noon so she decided to eat her lunch. She got a pail from its hiding place between two rocks, and filled it with water from a spring near-by, and soon she was busy eating. When she finished the lunch she put the pail away, then walked over to the edge of the rocks and looked at the wild, rugged scenery along the mountain side. Within fifty feet of where she stood was a curious freak of nature. A massive pine tree had grown out through a break in the rocks, extending about forty feet in the air, over the chasm, and was at least sixty feet above the loose rocks underneath. The trunk pitched upward at a slight angle and the many limbs projecting from it made it easy to walk out to near the end. The maiden had been out on the tree many times so she did not pause an instant but stepped on the trunk and by grasping the limbs as she went along, thus balancing herself, she got to a point near the end, where she sat down, a convenient limb making an excellent place to lean back against. Sometimes she would sing or hum songs while she watched the birds flit from tree to tree; then she'd keep silent and listen to the warbling of the feathered songsters. Then she'd gaze dreamily at the beautiful scene. Chipmunks, rabbits and squirrels were in evidence among the rocks and trees, and her eyes glowed with pleasure as she watched them. She seemed to be very happy and contented, even though it was a lonely place. She stayed on the tree about two hours, then worked her way back to the rock.

Close to where the Country Clubhouse, near Hazleton, now stands

was a detachment of Continental troops. A handsome young fellow, dressed in a lieutenant's uniform, left the encampment, on horseback, and proceeded through the woods in the direction of "The Devil's Kitchen." His superior officer had sent him out to reconnoitre and he went that way. Was it destiny? Surely he had no knowledge of what was to take place for he whistled softly and hummed songs as he went through the woods. Sometimes he had to dismount and lead his horse through the thick brush, but most of the way he could proceed without difficulty. About a mile south of the rocks where the girl was, he tied his horse to a tree, then he walked toward the rocks. His surprise was great when he saw the girl. She was gazing down the defile so she did not see him until he stepped forward. Had it been a bear she probably would not have been so frightened, but the unexpected appearance of the young man startled her, and she screamed, and started to run, and she almost went headlong over the edge of the rocks. He rushed forward and grabbed her and the impetus almost carried both of them over. She stopped struggling when she realized that he did not intend to harm her. He let go his hold of her and they gazed into each other's eyes, and in that instant they realized the truth of the aphorism: "Love at first sight." She sat down and invited him to sit by her.

He was mystified and he asked her questions, but she would not give him any information as to where she came from or why she was there. She was astonished when he told her about the war, and when he told her what they were fighting for, she promptly gave her sentiments in favor of freedom. She told him to call her "Bella" and he gave his name as "Richard." They talked for awhile, their interest in each other getting stronger every moment.

Suddenly she leaped to her feet. "I must go," she said; "but if you can be here to-morrow, at noon, you can have lunch with me." She told him not to follow her, so he returned to his horse, mounted the animal, and rode back to the camp.

Richard easily obtained permission from his commander to go out again the next day. He was in good favor with his superior officer, but he did not tell him about the girl. She had enjoined silence, and he felt that he could trust her. His heart beat faster as he neared the rocks. Would she be there? How disappointed he would be if she did not come! But she was there and was busy getting the meal ready when he arrived. She greeted him with a bright smile, and a cheerful "good morning" but he was not satisfied. He held out his arms, and she hesitated but an instant, then with a glad cry she threw herself into his arms, and their lips met in a kiss that thrilled both of them. They ate the meal in silence; she with a feeling that was new to her, he with his heart beating rapidly.

After they finished eating they went out to her favorite spot on the tree, she with easy grace acquired from her former trips, he with some misgiving. He shuddered as he thought of the consequences of a fall. When they were safely seated out near the end of the tree he started to ask her questions about herself, but she begged him to desist, so he reluctantly obeyed her.

"Look at the beautiful scene," she said. "Isn't the creek grand? It is like a long string of diamonds with some missing here and there. See, along the mountain side, down in the hollow, and up along the other side: the gaint oak trees, those gorgeous pines, the stately chestnut and the beautiful maple trees, clustered here and there, and scattered about; the bushes in between; then these rocks all around and under us—it all makes a fine picture, don't you think so?"

He looked over the valley, and though the beauty of it was impressive, he was more interested in the sweet girl by his side. Her sparkling eyes, as she viewed the landscape, and the roses in her cheeks, pleased him very much.

"Yes, it is great," he assented, "nothing else on earth can equal the wonders and beauties of nature."

"That's just it," she said. "I have reflected over this scene many times. It has made a deep, lasting impression on me. It shows the vastness of the Creator's works, and it makes me feel insignificant. I've had a queer experience on this tree. One afternoon a thunderstorm suddenly arose along the river, that is about fifteen miles north of us. and it was awful, though it did not rain here. The thunder and lightning was terrible. It came here so suddenly that I was afraid to try to get off this tree. A giant oak tree, a hundred feet from here, was hit by the lightning, and was shattered to pieces. Several unusually hard crashes of thunder caused me to almost fall off the tree. Then it became very dark, and it seemed, at times, as if the whole mountain side was one mass of flame, from the lightning. It was pretty to look at, but I was frightened; I was afraid that this tree would be struck. I hope I shall never go through such an experience again."

He caught her in his arms and held her tightly, as if to shield her from harm, and he pressed a kiss of sympathy on her lips. "What a trying situation to be placed in!" he exclaimed, but she smiled as she said to him: "That wasn't the worst of it; what followed was dreadful."

"Tell me about it," he requested. "I should think that you had enough without anything else happening."

She closed her eyes for a moment or two, as if to shut out an unpleasant scene, then she said: "The thunder and lightning ceased, and the wind suddenly arose and before I had time to get off this tree a gust of wind came up through the defile; and then it seemed as if the whole mountain was being torn to pieces! This tree is held fast between the rocks; that is probably what kept it from being pulled out by the roots for it was directly in the path of the wind. The tree swayed back and forth, and twice I was shaken off the trunk, and I hung in the air, expecting every moment to be my last. I managed to get back each time, after a hard struggle. The wind seemed to blow harder, and the roar was awful. I can account for the noise increasing only by the fact that the beginning of the defile is very wide, and the sides taper in, and the bottom slopes up to this point, which gives it the appearance of a large cone, cut in half. As the wind rushed forward, closing into smaller space, roaring through the trees on the sides and bottom, the din was deafening. I thought that the end of the world had come! A huge boulder was shaken loose and it crashed down among the trees, snapping them off as if they were pipestems. The wind abated as suddenly as it arose, and the sun came out. Everything became so peaceful and quiet that if the evidence of the affair had not been before me, I would have thought I had dreamt it. I have thanked God many times for having spared my life."

Richard had remained silent during her recital, though his face got pale as he realized the danger she had been in. He drew her close to him and said: "I also thank Him for having spared you. Bella, I met you only yesterday, but in that short time I have learned to care for you. Do you love me?"

She looked straight into his eyes as she answered: "Yes, Richard, I do love you. I never realized, until yesterday, what it meant to love other than my own kin. Now listen." She started to sing a love song,

and her voice was sweet and clear, and surpassed any he had ever heard before. He leaned forward, and listened eagerly, his heart beating rapidly, his eyes shining with the joy of love. It was during the second verse that the terrible incident, that resulted fatally, occured. These two young folks had just discovered each other and had fallen in love. They were in the prime of life, and a bright future seemed to be ahead of them. The whole world was so bright, and no visible clouds were in sight to mar their happiness. They had not told each other any personal history, but both were contented. No inkling of of the catastrophe, that blighted their lives, came to them. She was singing the second verse when a loud noise, like an explosion, was heard, and the pine tree was torn from between the rocks. The two human forms were hurled to the rocks below, and the tree crashed down into other trees. In a moment everything was quiet again, but on the rocks below were the two bodies, battered and bruised.

A few hours later a special detail of soldiers, from the camp, found the injured pair. The noise had been heard by the troops, and the detail of soldiers had been sent out to investigate. Tenderly they carried the bruised bodies to the top of the rocks. Both were alive, but were unconscious. The camp surgeon worked hard to bring them to, and knowing that the end was near, he told them the truth. It was a bitter moment for them, but they realized that the Great Guiding Hand was at work.

They were resting side by side, and though they were suffering intense pain, they did not complain. Richard told the story and when he finished he was very weak. He bid his soldier friends good-bye, then, with an effort, he rose on one arm, and looked down into the eyes of the girl so dear to him. His voice was scarcely audible, but everything was so quiet that the soldiers heard every word. "Bella, we are going to a land of sunshine and joy. God is going to deprive us of the earthly pleasure of each other's society, but He surely will not bar us from eternal bliss. He is taking both of us, and I am sure it is for the best. It is hard to give up the plans and ambitions I formed since we met yesterday, and which I had expected to carry out, after the end of the war."

The shadow of death hung over them as she answered. Her voice was even lower than his, but the listening group heard every word. "I also believe it is for the best, although I can not understand it. God is good and if He wants us to spend the future with Him and the angels, we must submit to His will. God is love, and love is the ruling force in all things." She was getting weaker; so was Richard. She looked up at the officer who had charge of the soldiers and asked him to say a prayer for them. The officer's voice trembled as spoke the desired words. The tears ran down his cheeks as he appealed to the Saviour to bless the departing spirits. His "amen" was echoed by all the soldiers in the group.

Richard bent his head down and his lips met Bella's with a lingering kiss. As he drew away they heard him murmur softly: "Good-bye darling, until we meet in Heaven." She smiled faintly and said: "Good-bye Richard I—" she ceased speaking, and he fell back. The surgeon examined them and he said that both had passed away at the same moment. Then those soldiers, who faced the enemy without flinching, and who dared the bullets that carried death, broke down, and wept bitterly.

Suddenly a voice calling: "Bella, Bella, where are you?" was heard and before any one could do or say anything, an old man, with whiskers and hair snow-white, rushed from between the trees on the

north. "Bella, my daughter, where are you?" he called again as he came into the circle of soldiers. When he saw the two lifeless forms he gave one scream of agony and fell on the bodies. An examination showed that he was dead! He probably heard the noise and came to investigate. Most likely he had a weak heart and the sight of his dead daughter was more than he could bear.

The soldiers took the three bodies back to the camp. Every man, from the commander down, was grieved when the news of Richard's death became known. He had been a favorite with his comrades, and the commander had loved him as if he had been his own son. Three graves were dug and the bodies were buried; then arrangements were made to visit the rocks the next day. But they were attacked by a band of Redcoats, and only four of them escaped. They managed to join the main army, and they reported the attack and its result. The affair of Richard and Bella had impressed the soldiers very much, and they gave the rocks and the defile the names that cling to them to this day. It was a mystery then, and it is an arcanum yet, and as the years pass into oblivion the chances are that it never will be solved.

Years later a party of hunters discovered the ruins of a log hut in a depression on the Nescopeck Mountain. A thick growth of trees and bushes hid the ruins, which were discovered when the men trailed a bear to the spot. Several articles that they found showed that at least one man and one woman had made the hut their home, so they came to the conclusion that Bella and her father had lived there. They did not find a thing that would show who the occupants had been or why they had lived in that out-of-the-way place.

There are many farms in the valley now, and a bridge spans the creek. Towns have been built and industries started near the rocks. Many boys from the towns go out to "The Devil's Kitchen" and spend hours there. One night several of the boys went over to the rocks and in a short time they came rushing back, pellmell. They said that they could see a blue flame all around the rocks, and that they could smell sulphur, while their bodies felt as if an electric current was running through them. The boys who stayed behind only laughed at their excited companions and told them that their imaginations were working overtime. The others insisted that they were telling the truth. However, none of the scoffers would go over to the rocks to find out for themselves.

The woodcutters axes and brush fires have done a great deal to mar the beauty of "Hell Kitchen Hollow" but the scene is very attractive to lovers of nature.

(The end.)

Substitute a bright smile for the frown, and a loving heart for the one that is full of hatred, and the world will be all sunshine, happiness, peace, good-will and fellowship.

IMPRESSIONS.

A Word Picture.

By George Dreisbach.

I reposed on "The Pulpit Rock" and surveyed the display of nature's grandeur in the valley below me. The panorama of Butler Valley is one of splendor, the magnificence of it being due to the Great Creator. Man, using modern working impliments, has transformed the scene into a veritable Eden, but all honor must go to the Omnipotent Power. To my discriminating eyes, as I scrutinized the landscape, the vastness of the Almighty is discernible. The impression forms in my mind that Elysian fields are not as soothing as the fascinating vision before me. Lofty motives; worth while ambitions; to serve the Great Master faithfully; the elimination of otiose moments; to banish indolence: to treat my fellow-creatures humanely, to show more esteem, love, honor, for them; to instil in my heart kindly feelings and considerations for dumb animals; to force impure thoughts and desires from my mind—these, and many other worthy inclinations, took possession of me as I gazed on nature, queen of the macrocosm. My coign of vantage gave me an uninterrupted view for at least ten miles west, and six miles north to south along this distance. The farms in the valley extend to the foot of each mountain that runs parallel with the valley, the mountains being at least eight hundred feet high. Straight ahead, ten miles away, is "Sugarloaf Mountain." It is cone-shaped, the grain covered fields reaching halfway up its sides.

My attention was attracted to a vapor that poured out of the summit of the cone-shaped mountain. It spread over the valley, and was transparent. The substance changed its colors every few seconds giving the scene beneath an enchanting appearance. I heard female voices, very low at first. They were singing and as it grew louder I became entranced for it was harmonious and effectual beyond the efforts of celebrated composers. Then myriads of forms materialized in the distance and advanced slowly. What delightful, lovable nymphs they were! As they came forward the symphony increased in consonance, the intonations were perfect. The song diminished gradually, until the last note died away, then each fairy creature commenced to play on the stringed instrument she carried, and simultaneously, with the last word of the song, began the prelude of a fantasia, and the music of it caused a joyous feeling to take possession of me. Then four of the alluring creatures commenced to dance. With their beautiful hair flowing about their necks and shoulders, they done a series of bewildering maneuvers. I became so infused with admiration that I could not restrain myself from rushing forward to join the adorable maidens—but I was stopped by an invisible barrier! In a few seconds the whole scene had vanished, and then something else engaged my attention and interest. Black clouds overhead, mumbling thunder, flashes of lightning, rain drops pattering on the ground, wind blowing through the trees, the

tenebrosity all around—were the inception of a storm. The result of the battle overhead was appalling. The wind increased, the thunder roared incessantly, and the lightning flashed almost continuously. Everything in the valley was visible, and I could see faces pressed against window panes, and startled eyes gazing at the storm. How the artillery above me roared and flashed! How the wind whistled through the trees! A streak of lightning left the clouds, dashed along the mountain side, shot across the valley in a zigzag fashion, then disappeared. An electric railway runs through the valley and the lightning must have followed the rails until it lost its force, or diverged among the rocks and trees. There seemed to be no abatement to the deluge, nor to the thunder and lightning, but even if I had the power to quell it all I would not have exercised it because I thought something interesting might happen, and I was not disappointed. A circle of fire suddenly formed in the air. It was at least one hundred feet in diameter, one edge of it touching the rock. I looked down into the circle and I thought I was looking into the infernal regions. It appeared to be a mass of flame, and the blackest kind of imps were floating around in it as a person floats in water! They rose higher and higher and the entire space was soon filled with the grinning demons. They did not see me, so I made a noise. All eyes turned toward me, then, uttering shrill cries, they started downward, and as their forms receded the circle contracted until it vanished. I was astonished at the change. It was cold and the leaves were off the trees and bushes. The thunder and lightning had ceased, and the wind had quit blowing; but the rain continued to fall, and it froze when it hit the trees, fences, rocks and earth. As the ice on the limbs of the trees became heavier, the limbs bent down, some of them touching the ground. Then the rain stopped falling, and the sun came out. What a magnificent picture it made! The ice glistened like diamonds. The trees were so stately, the rocks, fences and earth were resplendent in the dress of ice. But the sun's rays soon penetrated the ice-dress, and a few moments later the brilliant scene was gone. Then snow commenced to fall. At first the flakes fell straight down, then a breeze tossed the beautiful star-shaped particles around in a pleasing manner. The flakes got larger and fell in greater volume and the breeze grew into a strong wind. The white specks danced around in a wild sort of frenzy, sometimes in a great mass, then hundreds in a space, not one touching another, forming an indescribable picture of white beauty. The wind quit blowing and the snow ceased falling. The cone-shaped mountain presented an imposing spectacle in its coat of white, and the trees, fences and buildings were majestic in their cotton-like covering. Switzerland, with all its beauty, could not equal this scene. The farmers brought out their snow shovels and set to work; children, bundled in warm clothing, start for the nearest hill with their sleds, snowballing each other as they go along; a crowd of boys and girls with skates, shovels and brooms, head for the mill pond. Several youngsters build a snow man in a field. Then the sweet sound of sleighbells reached my ears, and I saw a horse and cutter dart down a road. A youth and his sweetheart are enjoying the drive. More sleighs appear and the jingling bells make fine music. Darkness comes and in the northern sky bright ribbons of light are cast over the blue field. It is the aurora borealis! The fingers of light were brighter than I had ever seen them before. As I admired the changing colors, the lights slowly vanished, and daylight supplanted the darkness. The valley was hidden by a fog which touched the mountain tops on the north and south, and the rock on which I was standing. It resembled an ocean, the fog heaving

up and down, like waves. The top of "Sugarloaf Mountain" looked like an island. A huge steamer crossed the wavy surface, thick, black smoke pouring from the funnels. As the ship neared the south side, rain began to fall, and the fog and the vessel seemed to be washed away by the water. It is summer time; the leaves are on the trees and the rain pattering on the leaves is like sweet music. The sun comes out, and as the rain stops a great half-circle of golden light forms in the sky. A rainbow! The brilliant semi-circle soon faded away. The rain drops, on the leaves, sparkled like gems. What a refreshing aroma was in the air! The fragrant scent of honeysuckles was in the atmosphere. How wonderful it all was. The clusters of trees here and there; apple and peach orchards; fields of daisies; the irregular fences of roots and stumps, stones, wooden rails and wire; the farm buildings here and there; the several groups of houses, indicating towns; the many wind-wheels; the sawmill, from which the buzzing saw could be heard as it tore its way through the logs; the school houses, around which children are at play: hand pumps and wells, from which pretty farmer girls are getting water; the electric railway, and the cars speeding by at intervals; the public and private roads, winding in and out between the houses, fields, fences and trees, the roads running east, west, north and south, intersecting at various points; the several church steeples; in some of the fields horses, cows and sheep are grazing, and in other fields farmers are tilling the soil; along one of the roads is a farmer with a load of hay, on another road a farmer is taking a piece of machinery to a field; the automobiles dashing along the roads, leaving clouds of dust behind, to the discomfort of the pedestrians who were journeying along the road; boys and girls come out of the woods with baskets and pails full of berries; several men and boys fishing in the creek, and in an offset a bunch of youngsters are swimming. Dogs barking; pigs grunting; cow bells ringing; bees buzzing; geese, ducks, chickens and roosters adding their noises; the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil; the shrieking of the brakes against the wheels of heavily loaded wagons—all contributed to the great, wonderful scene. The little birds—God bless them—how their trilling songs filled my heart with gladness. Happiness is supreme in their kingdom as they warble their melodies. Squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, and other small animals are in evidence. In front of some of the farm houses are flower beds. Roses, pansies, sweet peas, and other fragrant flowers, gives each lawn a splendid appearance. Pretty winged butterflies flit from flower to flower. A gentle breeze is blowing and the rustling leaves are as soothing as sweet music. Near the top of the mountain, on the south, is the "Mountain Scenery Hotel" and it looks like a fort guarding the valley. The sun is getting lower, and the workers in the fields cease their activities; the swimmers return home; the fisher-men leave the creek, each one having a string of nice fish. Cows are milked and fed; pigs attended to; all the feathered animals cared for, and the eggs gathered; horses bedded and fed. When the chores are all done the men take turns at washing themselves in the tin basins on the back porches. Then all partake of the meal that only a farmer's wife knows how to prepare. As dusk comes on the barking dogs become quiet; the fowls cease their din; the birds still their songs; and everything is tranquil and peaceful. As the shades of crepuscular deepen the silence becomes intense for a few moments, then the lowing of the cattle could be heard; the tree toads and the crickets start their songs, while the frogs in the mill pond croak loudly. The vastness of the Great Creator of it all is plainly evident, nothing can compare with the Master Mind that controls the universe. It causes me to reflect, to medi-

tate, and I fall into a reverie from which I am aroused by chiming church bells. They are calling the members of the congregation to come to the Chapel and worship the Saviour. Many farmers drive up and tether their horses to the well-worn hitching posts, then enter the house of God. It is the midweek meeting night. The moon slowly rises over the mountain top, and a mellow light is cast over the valley. My being was thrilled by the bewitching scene. If appreciation of beautiful things is moribund or dormant in any human heart, the influence exerted by this impressive spectacle would surely unfetter the shackles and release that organ which, awakened to the greatness of Heaven and of the Earth, would forever pulsate with reverence and esteem. As the orb of light in the sky rose higher, the objects in the valley became clearer, and I basked in the splendor of the enviornments. I will always cherish the recollection of the picture as I saw it then. One part of the creek is wide, and several boats are chained to the rocks and trees on the bank. A young fellow and his girl stroll toward the creek, arm in arm. Now and then the couple pause and the boy would take advantage of a lover's privilege and kiss the willing lips of his sweetheart. They arrived at the stream and the boy unfastened one of the boats and they got in it. The girl took the oars and as they glide over the water the youth plays on the mandolin he has with him. What ardor and intense love he injects into the music! He sings a love song and the maiden joins in the chorus. Their voices harmonized perfectly; the melody was sweet and joyous. The music and the song died away and as they passed from sight around a turn in the creek they were locked in each other's arms, their lips together in love's tribute. In one part of the valley stands a large barn and many people, old and young, enter it. I wished that I could see the interior, and even as I expressed the desire, one side of the building faded away, revealing a crowd of farmers and their wives, sons and daughters. A "fiddler" tuned up his instrument, while several sets of dancers arranged themselves in proper order to execute the figures of a square dance. The musician plays a quadrille and the dancers perform the maneuvers which are directed by a loud-voiced individual. After several lancers and quadrilles had been enjoyed, three elderly couples danced some of the "old school" types of fancy dancing, and their excellent work was highly appreciated. Then some of the farmer boys done gigs, reels, clogs and hornpipes; the village quartette entertained; and the town mimic amused with his clever impersonations. Then games were played, after which a lunch was served, then all departed for their homes. The moon slowly disappeared over the mountain top and grotesque shadows are cast in the valley. Automobile lights shine brightly through the darkness, and the headlight on one of the electric cars is like a ball of fire, rolling down the mountain side. Here and there are dots of light gleaming from the windows of the farm houses. One after another the lights disappear as the families retire. Overhead, the sky is covered with twinkling stars and the scintillating lights reminded me that I must be on my way, but before I left I gave a lingering look at the valley, and then I knew that nature and human beings were fast asleep.

(The end.)

"I Got You."

UNCENSORED VERSION OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE WELDING OF A PAIR OF FOND HEARTS.

By George Dreisbach.

A truthful reporter sent in the following account of a wedding:

Judging by the solemn mien on the face of each nondescript person in the room the scribe felt that a dear friend had passed away. He soon found out different. The strain of the wedding march floated on the silent air, though the music of that popular composition seemed to have lost its accustomed cheerful tone. A domine was standing in one of the corners of the room. The intense silence was broken only by the graveyard-like air eminating from the organ. Eager, expectant looks were on the faces of the guests, especially on the face of a red-headed girl who was masticating a wad of chewing gum.

At last the bridal pair entered the room and a sigh of relief escaped all lips. The tension had been fearful. If they had not entered when they did, something would have burst. The music slowly decreased from boiler-factory proportions until it died away with a soft noise that was inaudible. The only sounds that could be heard for a moment was the squeeking of the organ stool which apparently had not been oiled for a century, and the noise of the red-headed gum chewer.

The solemnity of the occasion impressed all. Even the correspondent shed tears, which streamed down his cheeks like water from a hose. Enough of the briny liquid was on hand to float a Titanic. After all had demonstrated their feelings, the execution commenced.

The groom was excited. No doudt it was due to the fact that this was his first offence. A wave of compassion spread over the assemblage when his nervousness was noted. He tried to ensconce his hands, which appeared to be as large as barn doors, but his attempts only made them more conspicuous. He trembled so much that the guests thought he had a chill, so an oil stove was brought in and the room heated up. When being arranged in front of the parson he clung to the bridesmaid and insisted that she was the right one. They were soon placed in proper position in the center of the room, while the preacher stayed in the corner. He couldn't get any closer because the groom's feet extended so far out in front. It was feared that the groom would collapse, but he managed to pull through. He made about ten mistakes, one of them being that he put the wedding ring on his own finger instead of the bride's.

The bride was so different! She had perfect control over her

emotions, and it was the private opinion of the information seeker that she had rehearsed the scene before a mirror every day—for a week, at least—prior to the event, though the fact that she had been led(?)to the alter four times may have had something to do with her perfect composure and self-possession. The expression on her face said, as plainly as words could have done: "I got him at last!" While her future partner stumbled through the annexation, she was cool and calm, and not a tremor marred her voice as she answered the questions. She was artistically arrayed in a gown of checkered gingham, which sells at 5 cents per yard. An enormous butterfly bow was displayed at her waist, and the gum chewer volunteered the information that it had been borrowed by the bride from a girl friend who works in one of the local mills. She wore a wig, and her face was painted up in great style. In spite of her efforts to conceal her true age with cosmetics, the news-writer could see that she was about thirty-nine. She carried a nosegay of buttercups. A long, trailing, lacy kind of material, dangled from her hair, and was supposed to be a bridal-veil, but the chronicler noticed that one part of a pair of lace curtains was missing.

The bridesmaid, who seemed to be blushing all the time, had a look on her physiognomy that almost spoke the words: "I wish I was the bride." Her attire was created from the kind of material that is used to make crazy quilts with. She must have been confused when dressing herself because she had a white glove, slightly soiled, on one hand, and a tan glove, with two of the buttons missing, and the index finger torn, on the other hand. Dainty curls were clustered around her head and they were admired by the reporter until he discovered that they were of a different shade than the rest of her hair. She carried a bouquet of daisies.

The groom wore a suit that the leading clothier sold to him for $8. The pants legs ended three inches below the knees. One of his socks was purple and the other one was yellow, and they looked as they had not been washed for a year at least. His shoes showed the state of mind he was in. One was a lace shoe and the other a button shoe. His necktie consisted mostly of large green spots and white stripes. He forgot to comb his bald head and it gave his ears the appearance of airship wings. Someone said the watch and chain he wore were borrowed from a friend of his.

The groomsman was decked in great style. His suit was made of blue drilling and had been built at the local factory especially for the occasion. The press representative was assured, on reliable authority, that the groomsman had lent his best suit to the groom to wear on his honeymoon. He wore leather boots, parted his hair in the middle, had a brass ring, with a fake diamond in it, wore a collar that should have been in the laundry, and he proudly sported a spurious watch chain. His posy was a sunflower about ten inches in diameter.

After the sentence had been pronounced the gang went to the kitchen where sandwiches and water were served. After the guests' hunger had been appeased, cigars, worth about 8 cents a dozen, were passed around. The reporter will utilize his for pen holders.

The newlyweds got in a "jitney" and rattled off, while a crowd of men groaned dismally. The groom owed them money, and they had come to the house, hoping the groom would pay back what he owed. But they didn't get a cent.

When the couple return from their honeymoon they will commence their strife and fight their battles on Peace street.

THE LUMBERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Romance And Adventure Mingled With Timbering Operations On Nescopeck Mountain.

By George Dreisbach.

Dave Harmon sat at a table in one of the rooms of his home in Wilkes-Barre. It was evening and his wife had gone out to visit a neighbor. His daughter Milly, who was twenty years old, was visiting her friend, Bessie Baylor, who lived in another part of the city, near the outskirts. "Old Dave," as he was familiarly known, was making up a pay-roll. He had fifty men employed chopping down trees on the Nescopeck Mountain, a few miles east of Hughesville, Pennsylvania. Railroad ties and props for the coal mines were made from the trees. The men worked twelve hours a day, except Sunday, and they all boarded at the Spring Tavern which stood by the road leading from Wilkes-Barre to Hazleton. It was on this road that the stage coach operated between the two cities, and the Tavern was the stopping point where the driver changed horses when travelling in either direction.

The men were paid once a month, and they had always been notified when to expect their pay. But the stage coach had been robbed twice, and the money for the men had been stolen each time, so as a precautionary measure he decided not to notify them when the money would be sent down. Only one man had done the robbing each time, and he wore a black mask. Old Dave had offered a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of the bandit, but no one had earned it so far.

The time to pay the men had arrived. The lumberman had finished the pay-roll and was gazing at the floor in deep study when his wife entered the room.

"Anything worrying you, Dave?" she asked.

"Well, I'm not exactly worried," he replied. "I am wondering how to send the money down this time. The stage coach has not been stopped by the bandit for several months, but I'm not going to get careless. I don't want to lose any more money. What do you suggest?"

"When do you want the money taken down?"

"Day after to-morrow when the stage leaves for Hazleton. I'd take it down myself but I must attend court that day. If you have a plan I'll be pleased to hear it."

She pondered a few minutes then her face brightened up. "I have a plan!" she exclaimed, and she told him what it was.

"That will be all right," he said. "We will see about it to-morrow. I think she will be glad to do it."

In the city lived a man named Adam Falls. He was about forty years old, and he was in love with Milly. He had bothered her several times, though she plainly showed him that she didn't care for him. How he managed to get money to keep himself with, was a mystery, because he never worked. Mr. Harmon had offered him a job cutting timber, but he would not take it.

Falls knew that Milly was visiting her chum, and he watched, expecting to see her start for her home about seven o'clock. But the two girls went for a walk out in the country, so he followed them. The girls were so interested in their conversation that they did not see him. When they had walked a mile they sat down by the roadside to rest before returning to the house. Falls suddenly came and stood in front of them. They tried to get up, but he pushed them back.

"Why do you always try to avoid me?" he asked. "You know I love you, Milly, and I want you to be my wife. I—" she tried to get up, and he threw his arms around her and attempted to kiss her. Bessie jumped up and grabbed a stick and hit Falls with it. He tried to kick her but she kept far enough away from him to avoid his foot, yet near enough to use the stick on him. Just then a team was heard coming down the road and with a curse Falls disappeared among the bushes by the roadside.

"We'll pretend that nothing is wrong," said Milly, so while the team was passing the girls picked berries from the bushes by the roadside, and when the team had passed they hurried back to Bessie's home. "We won't say anything about it," said Milly. "If he bothers me again I'll tell father."

The next morning Milly went home, and while she and her parents were talking, a man worked his way to an open window and he heard every word that was said about the money.

"Your father has to attend court to-morrow," he heard Mrs. Harmon say, "so we thought it would be a good idea if you would take the money down. No one will suspect you of having the money. What do you think of the plan?"

"It's fine!" exclaimed Milly. "Can Bessie go too? She will be company for me, and I know that she will enjoy the trip."

"Sure she can go," responded her father. "I guess both of you will be glad when you get there," and he chuckled as he noted his daughter's blushing face.

"Father, you are mean," she pouted, as she walked out of the room. She went over to Bessie's home and told her about the trip.

When the eavesdropper had heard enough of the conversation to know what the plans were concerning the money, he slipped away and went down the road.

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Milly had been down to the timber tract three times and Bessie had been there once. Bill Jenkins was foreman of the woodcutters. He was about twenty-five years old, and he was a strong, powerful man. Milly and Bill had fallen in love with each other the first time they met. Bessie had accompanied Milly the third time. They had a good meal at the Spring Tavern, then Mr. Harmon said: "Bill is out in the woods, and I have some work to do here, so you girls will have to get along by yourselves."

The girls started off through the timber, and they soon found the foreman, and Milly introduced her chum to him. It was interesting to watch the strong-armed men as they swung their sharp, gleaming

axes in the air and brought them down with resounding whacks against the trees. Then the falling trees, crashing through the limbs of those that were standing, made a great racket. The choppers would attack the fallen trees and cut the limbs off them, then the drivers would "snake" the tree trunks out to an open space, where other choppers made railroad ties. The logs to be used for mine props were sent to the collieries where they were cut as needed. Chips and bark were scattered all around, and limbs were piled in heaps. Milly had seen it all before, so she paid more attention to Bill, but it was new to Bessie. She admired the powerful horses as they pulled the logs through the forest, the front ends of the logs plowing up the ground and tearing off the roots of bushes.

The sound of a crosscut saw attracted her attention and she walked in the direction of the sound. She saw two men sawing a large oak tree. When they had sawed far enough into the trunk of the tree, they quit sawing and began to chop. Had she been familiar with the method of felling trees she would have realized that the tree was being cut so as to fall where she was standing. The men knew that no one was working where the tree was to fall, so they were careless. Just before the tree started to fall a squirrel appeared and the girl's attention was diverted to the animal, so she did not know of her danger until she heard the snapping and cracking of limbs. She became so frightened that she could not move! A young fellow, who was passing with a horse, saw her peril, and he ran forward and grasped her arm. "Run," he shouted, and his voice aroused her and she ran, partly pulled by him. It was a narrow escape for them. Bill and Milly came running to the place, and the foreman started to give the men a lecture when he found out what had happened, but Bessie stopped him.

"I am more to blame than they are," she said. "I had no business there. Please don't scold them."

To please her he did not censure the men. The choppers returned to their work, and the young fellow who had done her such a good turn was walking toward his horse. She called him back.

"I want to thank you for what you done for me," she said. "I seemed to be paralyzed, I could not move or speak until you grabbed me, and I heard your voice. I'm glad you were near."

His name was James Fearson, and he was about twenty years old. She found herself admiring his nice blue eyes as he told her that he was proud to have been of service to her. He returned to his horse.

That evening the two girls and the foreman took a stroll up the road. They met Jim, and Bessie invited him to accompany them. An hour later they returned to the Tavern, and the next two hours were passed away by singing and playing. The next morning—Sunday—the four went on an outing. They packed two baskets with food, then they went down to the creek. There were rope swings there, and on the creek, which was dammed up at this point, were several boats. They had brought fishing-tackle with them, and at noon the young men caught several fish, which the girls prepared with the rest of the edibles. After the meal was finished they rested an hour, then went boat riding.

Bill rowed his boat around a turn in the creek, and when out of sight of the other two, he told Milly of his love for her. She answered in a way that made him very happy. A little later Jim managed to get his boat near Bill's and when he and his companion saw the faces of the foreman and the lumberman's daughter, they understood the situation.

"No wonder we couldn't get near you two for the last half-hour,"

laughed Bessie. "Well, we will be good and leave you alone." When they were out of hearing she said: "Bill seems to be a fine man."

"He is," said Jim. "All the men like him, and when a foreman is liked by all the men working under him, it proves it."

Jim wanted to tell Bessie that he thought she was the sweetest girl he knew; that he was in love with her; but he had met her only yesterday, and he was afraid she would be offended.

Bill and Milly, now that they understood each other, talked only as lovers talk; said the things that only lovers whisper to each other.

When they came ashore the girls went off by themselves to have a chat. Bill said to Jim: "Milly has consented to become my wife."

On the way back to the Tavern Jim decided to speak up. He suddenly blurted out his story; then he wondered if he should run. Bessie put him at ease by what she whispered to him. Four happy persons went to sleep in the Spring Tavern that night.

That was how the girls met Bill and Jim.

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Only an elderly woman was on the stage coach when the two girls boarded it the next morning. Each girl carried a small satchel. It was a pleasant morning, and the girls were very happy as they chatted with the other traveler, and the driver.

About halfway between Wilkes-Barre and the Spring Tavern there is a very steep hill, and a very sharp curve at the foot of it. The driver always was very careful when decending this hill, and the reins and the brake required his strict attention. When the stage coach was slowly rounding the sharp curve, a masked man suddenly ran out from behind the bushes by the roadside. He had a revolver in each hand and he ordered the driver to stop the stage coach. The driver stopped the horses and locked the brake, but he had to keep a tight grip on the reins. The bandit searched the girls and their satchels, but he didn't find anything of value. Then he searched the old lady and the driver, but he got only a few dollars. Hurriedly he searched the interior of the vehicle, but no money could be found.

"Where is the money?" he demanded, looking at Milly.

"None of your business," she retorted.

He was about to say something, when he saw a feed bag hanging underneath the coach. He unhooked the bag and looked into it. He could see nothing but oats, so he shook the bag and a package came to view. A cry of dismay came from Milly and the driver groaned. The highwayman had found the money! When the robber was sure that he had the money he ordered the driver to start out. When they had gone a short distance, Milly looked back and was just in time to see the masked man disappear in the bushes. She told the driver to stop. "I'm going to follow him," she said. "Will you go along with me, or would you rather go on to the Tavern?" she asked Bessie.

"I'm going with you," replied her chum.

"Better wait and let the Sheriff go after him," advised the driver. He was a lifelong friend of Milly's father, and he had gladly consented to the scheme of hiding the money in the bag of oats.

"If we wait for the Sheriff it may be too late. Something might happen that will give me a chance to trap him."

"Well, take my revolver, you might need it." Milly took the weapon, then she and Bessie entered the woods to hunt for the thief.

When the stage coach arrived at the Spring Tavern, and the robbery was reported, there was great excitement. It happened that Bill

was at the Tavern when the stage coach came in, and that Jim and two of the woodcutters were working near-by. He sent Jim and one of the choppers to the stable to get four horses saddled, and the other man was sent out into the woods with orders to bring back the first six men he found. They were to hitch a team to a light lumber wagon and drive as rapidly as possible to the scene of the hold-up.

Then the foreman went up to his room and got a revolver. When he came down he found the saddle-horses ready. The three men mounted the horses, and galloped off, and twenty minutes later the other men followed them.

In the meanwhile the girls had wandered several miles, and they were getting tired. They were about to give up the search when Milly picked up a match stem. It was bright and clean, and evidently had been recently used. It gave them fresh courage and they decided to continue the hunt. Some rocks were visible on an elevation about a mile from where they were. They headed for the rocks.

When the highwayman entered the woods, after robbing the stage coach, he walked rapidly in the direction of the rocks. He took the mask off his face as he hurried along. The man was Adam Falls. When he arrived at the rocks he sat down and looked over his plunder. He tossed the oats bag to one side, counted the money, then he lit his pipe. It was very warm and he got drowsy, and he fell asleep. He was awakened by voices and he got up just as the two girls appeared.

"Milly, you here!" he exclaimed.

"Adam Falls," ejaculated the surprised girl. "What are you doing here?" she demanded. Just then she saw the feed bag. "My father's money; where is it?" she cried.

Just then the girls heard their names called, and they gave answering calls. Uttering a curse, Falls started to leave the place. Milly had kept her revolver hidden, but now she pulled it out and pointed it at the man. "Stand still, or I'll shoot you," she said, sharply, then, as he stopped and turned around, she added: "Throw up your hands," aud before he knew it, his hands were in the air.

The owner of the calling voice was getting closer. Bessie called again, and the trapped man's face got pale. Fearing that he might get away through some trick, Milly told Bessie to get his revolvers. She stepped up to him, but before she could get his weapons he suddenly sprang behind her. He held the girl and pointed his revolver at her. To Milly he said: "I'm master of the situation now. Drop that gun, or I'll shoot your friend." The dismayed girl obeyed him, and he chuckled. His success was short-lived. Bessie was a plucky girl. She realized that she would have to act quickly, so she suddenly raised her foot and brought it down with all her strength on his right instep. His revolver dropped from his hand as he sank to the ground. Bessie picked it up, and she also took the other one from his pocket. He was too busy groaning, and nursing his foot, to object.

A few minutes later Bill and Jim appeared, and Milly told them what had happened. They searched Falls and found the money in one of his pockets. "I guess you won't do any more robbing for a while," remarked Bill, and Falls scowled, but did not answer.

The foreman had arranged a signal that was to be used when he wanted the men to go back to the road, where the man who had come with him and Jim, was guarding the horses. Bill shot into the air, and a few seconds later they heard answering shots. The bandit's foot pained him but by resting several times they managed to get back to the road without it harming him any. All the men were there. The foreman picked out three of them and told them to take Falls to

Wilkes-Barre and turn him over to Mr. Harmon. The three men and their prisoner got on the wagon and started on their journey. Then the girls were assisted to mount two of the horses, and Jim and Bill mounted the other two, then they galloped off in the direction of the Spring Tavern. The rest of the men followed on foot.

The horses cantered along for a couple of miles, then their riders slowed them down to a walk. The young men complimented their sweethearts on their bravery, and the girls were pleased. Then they dismounted and strolled along, arm in arm. It was sundown when they reached the Tavern.

About noon the next day Mr. Harmon and Mr. Baylor arrived at the Tavern. The girls expected to be reprimanded but this is what the lumberman said "If you girls had not followed him, the money might never have been recovered. Falls confessed to having committed the other two robberies, and we got most of the money back."

"It turned out all right in every way," smiled Mr. Baylor.

"It surely did, especially for the girls, because the reward will be divided equally between them," then, as the girls uttered exclamations, Mr. Harmon winked at Bessie's father, and added: "The money will be handy to buy wedding finery with." They laughed heartily as the blushing girls hastily retreated.

That evening the young fellows talked the matter over with their sweethearts, then they hunted up the lumberman and his friend, and in five minutes a double wedding was planned for the following Saturday. When the landlord heard the news he had a conversation with the fathers, and what he said met with their approval. "Let's find the youngsters, and ask them," suggested Mr. Harmon. The happy couples agreed to the plan, then the lumberman announced that a double wedding would take place at the Spring Tavern on the following Saturday, and that it would be a holiday for the choppers.

An arch was built on the green and on Saturday morning it was trimmed with dogwood flowers, ferns, spruce and evergreens. Many men and women from Wilkes-Barre and Hazleton, and the towns between, were there. At ten o'clock the minister united Bill and Milly, then Jim and Bessie, under the arch.

Then began a celebration that never was forgotten by those who participated in it. Three "Fiddlers" took turns in furnishing music. A large platform had been erected, and as square dancing was the only kind they done, it suited the purpose. Refreshments were served continuously. It was late when the last guest left, so it was midnight when the parents of the newly married couples kissed them good-night.

At last they were alone under the arch. The moon was shining brightly so the couples lingered a few minutes, then they entered the Tavern to retire, feeling that they had been truly favored by Eros, the god of love.

(THE END.)

Smile. Smile. **Smile.**

Don't let a few defeats erase the smile from your face. Keep your heart busy pumping sunshine through your system. Contentment should rule at all times because: GOD IS LOVE.

DON'T FORGET TO

Smile. Smile. **Smile.**

A YOUNG HERO.

By George Dreisbach.

One Saturday, many years ago, the Central Railroad of New Jersey operated an excursion from Upper Lehigh to New York City. In order to give their employees an opportunity to visit the city, the several coal companies in the vicinity suspended operations that day.

East of the breaker are four sidings on which the loaded gondolas are run. The sidings are connected to one set of rails and this set is connected to the main line, being joined together by "The Safety Switch," so named because it was always locked. The excursion train pulled out at five o'clock in the morning, and at eight o'clock an engine backed in and took all the loaded gondolas, except one, from the sidings. The car needed some repairing, and a workman fixed the car before quitting time.

A portion of the railroad, below "The Safety Switch," needed repairing, and as soon as the coal train pulled ont, the construction crew got busy. On the gang was a man named Tony Barkus. He had been drinking, and he was in an ugly mood. During the progress of the work the foreman found it necessary to reprimand Tony for some mistake he made. He attacked the foreman, and the latter promptly knocked him down. He got up, grabbed an adze, and would have split the foreman's head open with it but some of the men took it off him. Watson, the foreman, discharged Tony, and he walked away, vowing revenge.

That evening, about eight o'clock, the postmaster and one of the clerks were standing in the doorway of the company store. Tony appeared at the corner of the building and listened. The postmaster said: "I heard that Watson discharged that troublesome navvy. It's too bad that some men can't leave liquor alone long enough so that they can do a decent day's work."

"I think so too," said the clerk. "By the way, Watson's wife and daughter went on the excursion, didn't they?"

"Yes, my wife and Watson's wife went together. Well, I am going to wait here in the office until I get a telephone message from White Haven when the train leaves there. I guess it will be one o'clock before it gets here. Good night."

"Good night," responded the clerk, and he walked down the road, while the postmaster went back to his desk, which was near an open window. Tony sat down under the window, outside. He had a scheme and all he wanted to know was the time when the train left White Haven. It was a long wait. The telephone call came at twelve o'clock. Tony hurried down to the section tool shanty and forced open the door and took a pinch bar and a hammer from the building. Then he went down to "The Safety Switch" and broke the lock. Then he set the

switch, connecting the main road with the sidings. He went to the gondola and loosened the brakes, then he set the car in motion by using the pinch bar. The road is down grade, so the car was soon en-route to White Haven. Tony drank about a pint of whisky.

Watson had been over to Freeland to a lodge meeting. He was chairman of the auditing committee, which met after the lodge session. It was late when he drove out of Freeland. When he got near the railroad crossing he heard a rumbling noise, and he stopped the horse and listened. The next instant the loaded gondola shot past. A cry of horror came from his lips. The excursion train would be coming up! He urged the horse into a gallop, and at the first place he knew there was a telephone, he stopped. A dozen men and boys were waiting for the train at the first little station below Upper Lehigh, and it was to this place that Watson telephoned first. The branch leading into the colliery at this place was connected the wrong way, so they couldn't sidetrack the car. There was a heap of railroad ties by the road and the men started to pile them on the track.

A sixteen-year-old boy, named Andy Boyer, ran up the track toward the coming car. About a thousand feet from the station the track runs through a cut of solid rock. The banks are as high as freight cars. In a couple of minutes Andy was on the north bank. A piece of rusty iron, about an inch in diameter and three feet long, was lying on the ground. The boy picked it up. Just then he could hear the rumbling of the approaching car and he got ready to jump. Being through solid rock the sides of the cut were close to the track. The moon was shining and about a hundred feet away he could see the car coming and when it got opposite him he jumped. The car was loaded with buckwheat coal, and the impact drove him nearly to his hips in the coal. He pulled himself loose and then he grabbed the brake-wheel, tightening it as much as he could with his hands, then using the rusty bar.

The few ties that the men had placed on the track were swept aside by the car as it raced past. The men got a hand-car and followed the gondola.

Andy pulled hard against the iron bar and soon the speed of the car diminished. Just then he heard the locomotive whistle at a crossing a mile below him. He tugged at the brake-wheel and the car slowed down, and Andy prayed that he would be able to stop it in time to run ahead and flag the train. But he could see the headlight and his heart almost stopped beating. The engineer was on the alert and he stopped the train just as the car hit the engine. The passengers were shaken up, but none of them were hurt.

Andy had been thrown off the car when it hit the engine, but he was only bruised a little. He told the conductor what he knew of the affair. Just then the men on the hand-car arrived, and Andy was complimented for his good work. The gondola was pushed in the branch, then the train went to Upper Lehigh. They telephoned to Watson and told him what had happened.

In his report of the affair the conductor made special mention of Andy's prompt action. A week later the boy received a letter from the company. He was commended for what he had done, and was given a check for $500.

Tony was suspected and the county detective searched for him. The officer found him, drunk, in an old stable. When brought to trial he confessed and was given a long term in prison.

(The end.)

TRESCKOW FALLS.

An Indian Legend.

By George Dreisbach.

Tresckow is a mining town in Carbon County, Pennsylvania. The beautiful Tresckow Falls is about two miles from the town. The volume of water flowing over the precipice is not as great now as it was years ago when the Indians held undisputed sway over this section of the state. The adjacent coal mines drain much of the surface water, but enough of it dashes over the brink to make a pretty picture.

Years ago, when no towns or cities were in the vicinity, a band of Indians camped near the falls, and they soon discovered the overflow. The chief's only daughter, Sweet Voice by name, went to the place every day, and she would gaze at the descending water for hours. No doubt many fancies and dreams permeated her brain, influenced by the music of the water as it tumbled over the edge and hit the rocks below. Sweet Voice was very romantic, and she weaved many enchanting scenes as the sun's rays reflected myriads of colors.

Sweet Voice was pretty and her favored admirers were Oak Arm, so named because his strength was great; and Quick Foot, who was a swift runner. The two Indians were good friends, and often both of them would accompany the maiden to the falls. Sometimes they would take their bows and arrows and go on long trips, and when they returned the girl would receive some trophy of the hunt from each. If one gave her the pelt of a bear, the other gave a pair of antlers. Both tried hard to win her, but by honorable means only. She appreciated their efforts to please her, but it made it hard to choose between them.

Thus the situation stood when an event occured that made it necessary for her to make a choice. The chief took sick, and for a few days his life was in danger. He recovered, and a new thought was in his mind. If he died, who would be the next ruler? He meditated the question. Sweet Voice must take a husband. He had great regard for Oak Arm and Quick Foot, but he could not decide between them, so he sent for his daughter. But she was undecided, so the two braves were called in, but they left the matter entirely to the girl to solve. No matter which one of them she decided to take, the other one would be satified.

One night—a night that was never forgotten by any member of the tribe—Sweet Voice asked Oak Arm and Quick Foot to accompany her to the falls. They were soon seated on a rock, close to the falls. This rock is level with the ground except on one side, where it makes a sheer decent of about fifty feet. A fine view of the falls can be had from this rock. The point where the water leaps over the edge is about ten feet lower than the level of this rock. The moon was shining and they had a clear view of the surroundings. They talked awhile, then became silent under the spell caused by the swish of the water between the rocks above the falls, and the splash as it hit the rocks below.

They were so wrapt up in the scene that they paid no attention to anything else. They were suddenly startled by the growl of a bear! In an instant they were on their feet, and the braves prepared to fight the animal with their hunting knives. The beast must have been ravenously hungry, for it attacked the men savagely. They tried hard to use their knives on the bear without getting too close to him, for they knew what the result would be if it got its claws on them. Sweet Voice watched the fight with dilated eyes. Suddenly she uttered a cry of terror. Oak Arm, in his eagerness to inflict damage on bruin, had ventured too close, and the bear caught him with one of its claws. Quick Foot saw his companion's danger, and he tantalized the brute, and diverted its attention, so the only wound Oak Arm received was a long gash in the arm, from which the blood flowed freely. It was a mere trifle to him, but it had the effect of showing the maiden that Oak Arm was her choice. She was going to call out words of encouragement to him, but fearing to hurt Quick Foot's feelings, she did not utter them. Hopefully she watched them as they worked hard trying to gain an advantage over the animal. Suddenly Quick Foot lunged forward and drove his knife to the hilt in the bear's side. With a growl of pain the animal turned quickly, snapping the blade off! The brute was maddened to a fury, and with extraordinary agility for so clumsy an animal, it closed in on its antagonists, seized them in its huge arms, and carried them over the edge of the rock! The frightened girl ran all the way back to the camp and told what had happened. The Indians hurried to the spot. They found their comrades alive, but badly injured. The bear was dead. Oak Arm had a broken leg. Quick Foot was hurt internally, and when he knew that there was no hope for him he asked Sweet Voice if she had decided. She hesitated, but he insisted that she tell him. When he knew the truth he said to her: "I love Sweet Voice. I go to the Happy Hunting Grounds with a cheerful heart, because I know you will be happy with Oak Arm, whom I love very much. Good-bye, Sweet Voice, I am—" his voice ceased; Quick Foot had passed away.

The pelt of the bear was given to Sweet Voice, and she often told the story about it to the children that came to her as the squaw of Oak Arm.

(The end.)

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Story of Sugarloaf Mountain.

By George Dreisbach.

One beautiful summer day, when the eastern central portion of Luzerne County was unsettled, a party of white folks were making preparations to camp on top of what is now known as "Sugarloaf Mountain." They had travelled many miles and it seemed strange that they had not been molested by the Indians. They left a plain trail, made by the horses and wagons, but for some reason none of the bands of red men bothered them.

As Frank Surgon, the leader of the party, stood on the highest

rock and viewed the scene in all directions and noted how quiet everything was; how devoid of life the enviorns seemed; he fancied that Indians were a myth. He had clashed with them on more than one occasion and he knew that appearances were deceptive. A cluster of trees may appear to be the only things at a certain place, yet a horde of the savages may be concealed behind them.

The position they occupied was all that could be desired. The cone-shaped mountain is about a mile high. The land in every direction was covered with underbrush and trees. His daughter Ethel made her way to the rock where he was standing.

"Well, father, how do things look to you from this point?"

"Very good Ethel. By taking proper precautions the Indians can't surprise us up here."

"Do you think they will find us?" she asked, anxiously.

"I am sure of it," he answered, gravely, "and when they do come we must be well prepared."

Just then a young man from the camp came up to them and asked Mr. Surgon for instructions concerning something at the camp. His name was Martin Marks, and he and Ethel were in love with each other. The three talked a few minutes about the Indians. No matter how brave the early settlers were they always dreaded an attack by the savages. Mr. Surgon was taking extra pains in building the camp. He pointed to the valley east of them and said: "I believe that, in years to come, this entire valley will be under cultivation. If the Indians don't bother us we will soon have some of this land producing provisions for us. We'll camp up here for a few months."

"We are lucky to have escaped them so far. I wish it could always be this way," said Martin.

"So do I," agreed Ethel.

Her father shook his head. "They are not civilized yet. Although they are disappearing from this section of the state, enough of them remain to give the white people lots of trouble."

In a week's time they were well fixed on the mountain top. Then they started to clear the land and the ring of the axes, and the noise of the saws, were sounds that spelled industry.

One morning one of the sentinels brought a stranger into the camp. He told Mr. Surgon that he was a member of a band of white people that were coming toward the mountain. His friends were about two miles away, and they were being followed by a crowd of Indians who were five or six miles behind them. Mr. Surgon ordered the men to rush their fresh horses toward the train. Then he told the women folks to prepare lots of food. He wanted to give them a good welcome.

Aided by the fresh horses, the train arrived on top of the mountain before the Indians arrived. While the newcomers enjoyed the food that had been prepared for them, Mr. Surgon and his men got ready to give the Indians a warm reception. When the settlers had built the camp they had chopped down the trees and dug out the stumps, and they had cut the brush too, within a radius of fifty feet of the camp. The men did not waste any ammunition, but fired only when they saw something to shoot at. Judging by the yells from the red men, some of them were hit. There were twice as many white men as there were savages, and though the latter knew it, they stubbornly kept up the unequal fight until late in the afternoon. Suddenly they ceased the attack and retreated. At first the settlers thougt it was a trick, but they soon found out that the Indians had really left. One badly wounded red man was found, and Mr. Surgon, who understood

the Indians language, questioned him. The wounded man said that this was the only band of Indians in that section and that they were leaving to go north. The white people would never be troubled again, he said. This was good news, if true. In order to be sure, Ethel's father sent scouts out to follow the Indians. An hour later the red man died, and he was buried with the six that had been killed during the fight.

The newcomers joined Mr. Surgon's company and they all worked together. As soon as a place was cleared, and a house built, a family moved on it, and this plan was carried out until all the families had been supplied. Martin and Ethel got married, and started housekeeping on a fine little farm, adjoining Mr. Surgon's.

To-day Butler Valley and Conyngham Valley are the pride of Luzerne County folks. Sugarloaf Mountain is a monument of beauty that is hard to duplicate.

(The end.)

THE FORD'S FEAT.

By George Dreisbach.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. High on the bosom of the sky floated the moon, shining unusually brilliant, lighting up the landscape and converting the environs into an earthly Eden. It was pleasing to behold, this scene along the highway north of White Haven. A Ford touring car, carrying two handsome boys and two beautiful girls, was speeding along in all its glory, seemingly proud of its ability to take the hills on "high." The young folks were deeply impressed by nature's wonderful work. Even the Ford, outclassed and outrivaled in daintiness only by the sweet, winsome, comely ladies it carried, seemed impressed, and joyously spurted forth its exhausts to mingle with the music of the water that tumbled merrily under the bridges. The wonderful Ford, attired with full equipment—the occupants were full of the ectasy of love—evinced no desire to be re-tired during any part of the journey, and as tired wheels always enjoy good roadbeds, the car sped on with un-tire-ing energy, spurning space with sa-tire almost egotistical. The wheels were tired, but they were tire-less in their efforts to carry the car over the road.

Suddenly the loud shrieking of a locomotive whistle warned them that they were approaching a railroad crossing. The train arrived at the crossing first, and following a train's usual custom when out in the country, it stopped, the alarm-clock-like ringing of the electric bell in the semaphore announcing that the right of way was obstructed. Did the Ford wait until the "iron horse" moved on? Most assuredly not. It simply darted under one of the "all steel" coaches and continued on its merry way toward Wilkes-Barre.

Be cheerful, good-natured, and pleasant. Don't let some trifling annoyance spoil your whole day. Remember that smiles are nicer to see than frowns.

"THE PULPIT ROCK."

HOW IT GAINED ITS NAME.

By George Dreisbach.

One summer day, during the Revolutionary War, a company of American soldiers arrived at the edge of the mountain overlooking what is now beautiful Butler Valley. They made their camp close to the huge boulder that stands on the mountain edge. When the camp arrangements had been made, the captain addressed the men.

"Boys," he said, "this is the end of our journey for the present. This company is one of four that General Washington has sent to this section. Two are north of us and the other one is south of us. When each company has travelled a certain number of miles they are to join us. So we will wait here for them."

Captain Ives was about thirty years old. He was a good officer and his men liked him very much. The four companies had been sent out to get certain information. When the four companies joined forces Captain Ives was to take full charge.

They rested two days, then scouting parties were sent out, and hunting parties were organized. Game was plentiful.

A week passed by. It was very warm and the fires were always extinguished after the evening meal had been disposed of. One evening a bright light was noticed on the mountain south of them. They thought that the other company had arrived. The captain took one of the sergeants with him and they went over to investigate. They found a body of British soldiers, twice as large as their own.

"I wonder what they are doing here?" whispered the sergeant.

"I imagine they are here for the same purpose that we are," said the captain. "It's strange they haven't posted sentries. But look, isn't that a man tied to that tree over there?"

The sergeant looked in the direction indicated. "Yes, there is a man there. I wonder—but here comes a captain and a lieutenant. We better keep quiet."

The officers passed close by the bush behind which the two were hiding. They heard the lieutenant say: "Well, captain, what does the girl say now?"

"She is still obstinate," was the growling reply. "I told her that if she didn't consent to marry me I'd have that young cub shot tomorrow and—" but the officers had passed out of hearing distance.

"What shall we do?" asked the sergeant.

"We'll release that young fellow first. He surely isn't a friend of the British."

They were soon behind the tree to which the prisoner was tied. They cut his bonds and told him to follow them, but he whispered: "I don't know who you are, but please rescue Mabel first. She is in that tent near those large trees. If I go away from this tree the soldiers will miss me, and spoil our chances of getting her."

The captain realized the truth of the young fellow's statement, so he told his companion to stay there. He got up to the tent without being seen, and he soon had the girl's attention.

"Who is there?" she whispered.

"A friend," he answered. "Is any one near the tent?"

"No. They have tied my hands and feet so I guess they think I don't need watching."

He slit the canvass and entered the tent. He cut her bonds then told her to follow him. They were soon at the tree where the other two were waiting. They realized the necessity of getting away from the place in a hurry, so they started off, the soldiers in the lead, and they did not slacken their pace until they were a mile away from the British camp. While they walked along the girl told them that the Redcoats had come to her father's farm, and had helped themselves to stock and provisions, but did not offer to pay for what they took. Her father objected, and was shot during the quarrel that followed. The captain had taken a fancy to her, but she repulsed him and then he ordered his men to take her along. She had no relatives.

Then the young man said that he owned the adjoining farm and that he had gone over to see Mabel and her father during the day. He saw the grave, and not finding Mabel after a thorough search, he suspected what had happened, so he followed the soldiers. An indiscretion on his part had put him in the power of the Redcoats, and the captain had promptly taken advantage of it by telling Mabel he would order the young man shot as a spy. If she didn't consent to marry the captain, her friend, Bob Sands, would suffer.

"It's a lucky thing for us that you came," declared Bob. "That scoundrel might have done some damage. We thank you very much for what you have done for us."

The next morning one of the scouts came in from the north and reported that the two companies were coming to join them. Just then another scout reported that the Redcoats had discovered them, and that they were coming to attack them. Captain Ives sent the first scout back to inform their approaching friends of the situation, and to urge them to hurry. Then he began to prepare for the enemy. The British soldiers would have to climb the steep mountain side in order to attack them—unless they went around a couple of miles—so the captain knew his company had the best of the situation. He could see the Redcoats coming down the opposite mountain side. He went to the huge boulder, on top of which Bob and Mabel were sitting. The trunk of a tree, with the limbs cut off about a foot from the trunk, was standing against the rock. The captain climbed up and joined the couple.

"Well, how are you folks this morning?" he asked.

"Fine, captain," replied Bob; then he asked: "Are the Redcoats going to attack us?"

"I think that is their intention, but I think they will give it up. I know—" just then he saw a pleasing sight on top of the opposite mountain. It was the American flag and boys in blue! And they were going after the Redcoats, too! Captain Ives hurried down from the rock and soon he was leading his men down the mountain side. But the British soldiers had fled westward through the valley! They did not care to face the two companies.

By the time Captain Ives and his forces got back up on the top of the mountain the other two companies were there. The officer decided to stay there another week, so that the newcomers would get a good rest, then they'd go back to the main army.

"I'm glad there was no fight," said Mabel, "because some of these brave boys might have been killed."

The day before they left Captain Ives got an idea. He hunted up Bob and Mabel and said: "I know you love each other and that you

intend to get married some time, so why not have the ceremony performed now, on top of that rock? It will give a romantic touch to this spot that will always be remembered. Talk it over and let me know what you think about it."

They did talk it over. Mabel knew that Bob was a good, reliable boy and that she could trust him, so she consented. The officers, the chaplain and the bridal pair climbed up on the rock and the marriage ceremony was performed. While the officers were congratulating the bride and groom, the soldiers cheered with great gusto.

The next day they started back toward the main army. They stayed two nights and a day on Bob's farm, then they resumed their journey toward the big army, while Bob and Mabel went to work to make one big farm out of what had been two before.

The soldiers called the boulder "The Pulpit Rock" and it is still known by that name. A steel framework, to which wooden steps have been bolted, is the means of getting to the top now. A wagon road and a bicycle path have been built to it from the main road. The rock is one of nature's great attractions.

(The end.)

"THE SLIDE."

Story of the great "ditch" in the mountain side west of "The Devil's Kitchen."

By George Dreisbach.

The works of The Faultless Powder Company were situated on the south bank of the "Honey Hole" creek, about a mile and a half below "The Devil's Kitchen." The various buildings, fire pits, ect., were in the vicinity of the spot where the bridge now spans the creek, though when the Powder Company operated there a foot bridge and boats were the only means of crossing. It was an ideal location for such an enterprise; but there was one handicap: the lack of railroad facilities. This drawback might have been overcome by a branch from the Central Railroad of New Jersey, or the Lehigh Valley, from the main lines between Wilkes-Barre and White Haven. An incline railway might have been constructed to the top of the Upper Lehigh mountain and connection made with the Central. An extention from the W. B. & H. electric railroad would have settled the matter nicely.

But it's no use speculating on what might have been accomplished in these days of advancement. The company vacated the place many years ago, but the romance of the manager's daughter is an interesting event to recall.

Arthur Johnson was the manager of the company, and with his wife and daughter occupied a house on the opposite bank of the creek. Mr. Johnson was a good-natured man. The men liked him because he always overlooked unintentional mistakes. No man is free from making errors, and the manager's view was that he made mistakes

himself, so he had no right to reprimand any one. If a blunder was made intentionally, or through carelessness, and ruined equipment or a delay resulted, it was a different matter.

His daughter Helen was twenty years old. She often spent several hours a day at the works, watching the men perform their various duties. All the men were married except two, and both of them were in love with Helen. One was Amos Turpin, about twenty-eight years old. He had charge of the powder houses and his duty was to keep account of the incoming and outgoing powder. Several times, on dark nights, he had arranged loose powder on the ground, in the shape of figures and letters, then she would light the powder and watch with delight as the flames showed the forms of the arranged letters and figures during the brief time that the powder lasted. Once he had arranged her name that way, and she was greatly pleased with the result. Amos was afraid to tell her of his love for her because he thought she didn't care for him in that way.

Paul Benson was twenty-two years old, and he was a good looking boy. He had applied for a position and Mr. Johnson had hired him and put him at work in the stables. His work was satisfactory so the manager placed him in charge of the stables. He had a violent temper, but he had managed to keep the fact concealed from his fellow-workmen. He fell in love with Helen and he made up his mind to win her. He knew Amos loved the girl, but he didn't let that bother him. Paul did not like it when Amos accompanied him and Helen on their strolls, and several hints from the youth caused the elder man to quit going out with them.

Before Paul came Amos had always been her escort. Many times they had gone up to "The Devil's Kitchen" and to "The Prospect Rock." Several times, when the moon was shining brightly, they went up and sat on the rock. It is a wonderful scene, awe-inspiring in its way, and it gives one an idea of the greatness of the earth's formation of rocks, trees, valleys, creeks, ect. Amos nearly declared his love two or three times while under the spell of the grand scene. He sighed as he thought of another man being her escort.

Helen soon noticed that he didn't accompany her any more, and she asked him about it. "I'm getting too old to climb the hills, and to roam around in the woods," he told her. "And three is one too many anyway," he added, as he turned away to attend to some duty. Helen walked away with a thoughtful look on her face. Perhaps an inkling of the situation was beginning to form in her mind.

That evening she wasn't jolly as she usually was. She was very quiet, and thoughtful. Paul tried to amuse her, but she seemed to be meditating; she did not hear him half the time.

"What's the matter, Helen?" he asked. "You seem to be in another world."

"Just a bit thoughtful," she replied. "Everything is so quiet; so wonderful. It makes me think of the great world. I wonder if it is as peaceful in other places as it is here. It's like Eden," she finished, gazing dreamily at the water. Paul thought it was an opportune time to tell her of his love. She told him that she respected him but she did not love him. He got very angry. "I guess you love some one else. I believe it's Amos. He's too old for—" She interrupted him. "You've no right to bring any of my friends into this matter. I like you as a friend; we can't be more than that to each other." She walked toward the house, and he kept by her side. "Forgive me Helen; I should not have spoken of my love yet, but my heart urged me on."

"You must not go out with me any more," she said, as she went

into the house. He bid her good night and walked rapidly away.

She entered the house and went to her room. After saying her prayers she got in bed. The bed was close to the window, and she could see the water rippling along in the moonlight. She could see the shadows of the trees in the water, and everything was so calm and alluring that her thoughts turned to Amos. She could see his smiling face out there in the water, then it was over among the trees, then it vanished. She fell asleep with a smile of contentment on her face.

Several days passed. Amos thought Paul and Helen were getting along all right, so he kept in the background. Paul's real nature was beginning to show itself. One day Amos caught him pounding one of the horses. The poor animal was almost ready to drop over. He tore the club from the youth's hand and it was only by a strong effort that he kept himself from using it on the young fellow.

"You 'ittle rat!" he exclaimed, angerly. "What do you mean? I've a notion to call Mr. Johnson."

"He was balky; I was only trying to break him of it," muttered Paul. "I suppose you will tell Helen about it so you can get in her good graces," he sneered. Uttering a cry of rage Amos made a grab for him, but he got out of there in a hurry, and he took care to keep away from Amos the rest of the day.

Two of the men were passing the stable, and they stopped and watched Paul as he hurried away. "I wonder what ails young Benson," said one of the men. "He seems to be very grouchy of late."

"I notice that he and Helen don't go out walking any more, perhaps that has something to do with it," said the other, as they walked on. Amos had heard what they said.

That evening he went over to the manager's house. Helen and her mother were sewing, and Mr. Johnson was reading. They chatted awhile, then the young folks went for a walk on the bank of the creek. The frogs were croaking, and some of them were sending forth that peculiar, trilling noise that is so familiar to those who live near the water. It happened that Paul was taking a walk down that way and he saw the girl and her companion. When they sat down on the trunk of a tree, he worked his way up close enough to hear what they said.

Helen knew that she loved Amos and it made her shy. She was more reserved than he had ever known her to be.

"Helen, have I offended you?" he asked.

"Why no, Amos; what makes you ask such a question?"

"Well, you have changed; you seem to be a different girl. Have I hurt you in some way?"

"No Amos, you have not offended or hurt me, but you have made me feel as if I had offended you. You have not walked once with me during the past two weeks."

"Why, I thought you'd rather be with Paul. Oh Helen, I love you. Do you love me?" She cuddled right up to him and said: "Yes, I do love you Amos; I guess I always did. I'm so happy."

He put his arms around her and they kissed for the first time.

"I thought sure you wanted Paul because he is nearer your age and—" She put her hand over his mouth. "Paul is a nice boy," she said, "but you are the one I want. Now kiss me again." He wasn't slow in obeying that command.

Paul sneaked away from the place. A jealous rage took possession of him and he went to his room and brooded over the affair.

An hour later the couple went back to the house. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were well pleased when the couple told them of their love and Amos asked permission to marry Helen.

About a mile southwest of the company's buildings, near the top of the mountain, was a huge boulder, partly buried in the ground. The men had often predicted that some time the rock would work loose and slide down the mountain side. Every rain storm washed more dirt from around the rock, and it was only a question of time until it would be loose enough to slip.

The day after Amos and Helen had plighted their troth, Mr. Johnson took sick. His wife gave him some of the remedies she always had on hand, and his condition improved. About eight o'clock that night he got worse, and Amos decided to drive over to a farm, about three miles away, and get a herb doctress known as "Granny Jones." It had started to thunder and lightning, and rain had commenced to fall. Amos sent a man over to the stable to tell Paul, who occupied a room over the carriage shed, to get a horse and buggy ready. Then he went over to his boarding house and put on his gum coat, hat and boots. He also took his revolver. In ten minutes he was back again, and just then the man reported that Paul was obeying his order. The man went back to his own home. While fixing his undercoat Amos had put his revolver on the table, and in his hurry to get away he forgot it. Helen saw it, and she knew she'd have to hustle to get it to him before he drove off. She hurriedly donned her gum hat, coat and boots, grabbed a lantern, put the weapon under her coat, and ran out of the house.

A broken trace had delayed Amos, so she got to the carriage shed before he left. He was glad to get the revolver. He kissed her, then turned to get in the buggy. The jealous feeling in Paul's heart was stirred up when he saw Amos kiss Helen. A daring scheme entered his head, and he picked up a club and brought it down with all his strength on his rival's head. Before the dazed girl could do anything Paul lifted her into the buggy, got in beside her, and gave the horse a cut with the whip. The startled animal dashed from under the shed and he gave it several more cuts. The horse galloped down the road that led to the main road. The rain was falling in torrents, and the thunder was terrible.

"Paul Benson, let me get out," cried Helen.

"I guess not," he answered, as he lashed the horse. The maddened animal raced along at a dangerous pace.

"But my father is very sick. We must get Granny," she sobbed.

"Hang your father," he growled. "You belong to me now. I'll never let you go back."

None of the inhabitants of that section ever forgot that night. The wind blew with such force that many trees were uprooted. The thunder made a terrifying racket as it reverberated through the valley. Paul continued to ply the whip, though the horse was beginning to get tired. Suddenly there was a blinding flash of lightning, followed by the sound of splitting timber, and the crash of a falling tree. The horse swerved to one side and the shafts broke off. Helen felt herself going head first out of the buggy. Her shoulder struck the wheel and it turned her body so that she landed on her feet. Her shoulder was bruised, but otherwise she was not hurt. A flash of lightning showed Paul lying by the buggy, his face covered with blood. Helen's first impulse was to run. Then her natural courage showed itself and she kneeled by his side and felt his heart. To her dismay there was no sign of life there. What should she do? Her father was very sick, and needed help; her lover was injured, perhaps dead; and this form on the ground should be cared for. She uttered a prayer beseeching guidance and something seemed to tell her to go on and get the doctress. Just

then she heard a great racket up on the mountain side. She realized what it meant. The great boulder had been loosened by the rain, and was sliding down the mountain side! She took hold of Paul's body and tried to pull it out of the path of the rock, but it was too heavy for her, so she was forced to flee for her own safety. The frightened horse had dashed around the fallen tree and galloped up the road, so Helen had to walk. She never forgot the trip from there to the main road. The gum coat and boots, and the soft mud, made it impossible for her to make fast time. The rain pelted against her body, and gusts of wind would almost throw her off her feet. The sheet lightning would blind her for a few seconds after each flash, and the fallen trees, blown down by the violent wind, or broken off by lightning strokes, impeded her progress. She kept bravely on. Suddenly there was a terrific noise, the crash of a falling tree, and the next flash of lightning showed the unconscious girl pinned to the ground by one of the limbs of the tree.

Mrs. Johnson became alarmed when Helen failed to return. She notified her neighbor, and he went over to the stable. He found Amos and with the aid of some powerful liniment he aroused Helen's lover. Although he was weak, from the effects of the blow, he insisted on going after Paul and Helen. The man got a horse ready and assisted Amos to mount, and when the latter rode off he hurried back to the house and informed Mrs. Johnson of what had happened. Then he got several of the men and they were soon following Amos.

Paul was not dead, but only stunned. The rain hitting his face aroused him. He knew that he did not dare go back, after what he had done, so he thought he would go out to the main road. He hoped Helen had gone that way, and that he would catch up to her. Just then something happened. None of the rocks had hit Paul while he laid on the ground. He was lucky then, but it was different now. He was going to start out when a large tree crashed down in front of him. With a cry of alarm he jumped back, only to get in the way of a large rock that was tumbling down the mountain side. His right leg was broken by the rock.

The storm gradually abated, and by the time Amos reached the spot where Paul was, the rain had ceased falling, and the wind had quit blowing. The thunder and lighning had ceased too. When he arrived at the fallen trees he dismounted, and just then he was startled by a groan. He soon found Paul. Amos wondered what he should do. He did not want to leave the youth there, but he was very anxious about Helen. The other men could not be very far behind him, he thought, so decided to make things as comfortable as he could for the young fellow. When the other men arrived Amos had a fire going—he utilized the buggy seat to build it—and Paul was lying on the cushion which Amos had arranged on the ground. Paul's leg was broken below the knee and it didn't take these strong men long to pull it into place. After it was carefully bandaged Amos took two of the men with him while the rest of the men carried Paul back to the stable.

Helen had come to and had tried hard to release herself. She was not hurt, except a few cuts and scratches, but she was fast in such a way that she couldn't get loose. Amos and his two companions found her and released her. Helen's lover took her back to the house, and the two men went and got Granny. Under her treatment the manager fully recovered. When Paul's leg healed, he left the place, glad to get off so easy. There is a "ditch", several hundred feet long, in the mountain side. The rock had broken into pieces when near the bottom.

(The end.)

ROY'S AWAKENING.

By George Dreisbach.

Roy Bates rushed into the house and called out: "Is supper ready, mother?"

Mrs. Bates looked at her son and smiled. "Yes, Roy, I'll have the things on the table in a minute." Roy ate rapidly; he seemed to be in a great hurry.

"I'm going to take Mildred Force to the theatre to-night," he said, in answer to his mother's question regarding his hurry. "She's a fine girl and I would like to bring her over some Sunday afternoon. I'm sure you'll like her. She just started to work in the office last week."

"I will be pleased to meet her," said Mrs. Bates.

Mrs. Bates was a widow, and Roy was her only support. He earned a good salary but he spent as much of it as he could on himself. He always got the best of everything. His suits were of the best, and his hats, shoes, ect., were of the expensive kind. His mother's clothes were shabby, her hat long ago had gone out of style. When she went to an amusement place it was one of the cheap houses; Roy always patronized the high priced theatres. Nearly all the money she got from Roy went to pay the household expenses. She was sixty years old, and she was beginning to show the strain caused by the hardships of former years; her hair was gray, her steps were slower, her hands and face wrinkled. Roy, who was twenty-six, didn't notice these things. He came and went with a rush. As long as his meals were always ready; all his home wants attended to, he was satisfied. It seemed that he had eyes only for pretty girls, ears only to hear the call of amusements, tongue only to say complimentary things to the girls, his lips served no other purpose than to kiss the beauties he spent so much of his time with, and his legs worked overtime in getting him to their homes. While his eyes could single out the youthful forms of the girls, they failed to see his mother's fast declining person. Her first five children had passed to the Great Beyond. Then Roy came and she feared that he would be taken, but he was spared. Roy was fifteen years old when his father died, and since then Mrs. Bates had lavished all the love on her son that her heart was capable of stimulating. At the age of twenty-one he graduated, and she had been proud of him, and the diploma he won. She had made many sacrifices to help him along. Roy's wants, while going through college, were many, and it was only by strict economy and self-sacrifice that she managed to make the insurance money, that she had received when her husband died, last until he was through. He got a position in the office of a manufacturing concern. His work was satisfactory, and his salary had been increased several times. But his spending capacity had increased too, so there was very little spending money left for his mother after all the bills were paid at the end of each week. She knew

that she was getting feeble, that her eyes were getting weak. It required more effort to do the household duties, but she would not complain. Roy's ears were quick to catch the songs and musical laughter of his young girl friends, but they failed to note the difference in his mother's songs and laughter from what they were a year ago. It didn't occur to him that his mother was just as sweet as any of the perfumed girls he took to theatres and dinners. He loved his mother, of course, but he never took time to tell her of it; and he always kissed her in a perfunctory sort of way. It didn't occur to him that sweet words and kisses would brighten his mother's life, would make her tasks easier. His suits were always neatly pressed, and his collars, shirts, and other apparel, were always in good condition.

Roy finished his supper, then he hurried up to his room and changed his suit. Before going out he looked in the kitchen where his mother was washing the dishes. "Good-bye mother," he said and without waiting to hear her answer he went out. Mrs. Bates finished the dishes, then spent an hour or so mending clothes. When she had finished the sewing she donned her shabby dress and quaint, old-fashioned bonnet, and slowly wended her way to the nearest moving picture house.

The route of trolley car on which Roy and Mildred were riding toward the theatre was on the street next to the one on which he and his mother lived. To get to the moving picture house Mrs. Bates had to walk along the street on which the trolley car operated.

Mildred was a pretty girl and Roy was proud to be her escort. She seemed to take great delight in comparing the hats, dresses, and general appearances, of the people they passed. Roy was vexed, but he did not say anything to her. He believed in being well dressed but he never criticized others for not being as well dressed as he was.

Suddenly she pointed to a figure on the sidewalk. "Look at that woman," she remarked. "That dress and that hat — I wonder what ancient date they represent."

Roy looked in the direction indicated, and his face paled. The shabbily dressed woman was his mother! How his heart throbbed as he felt his love for her wake up. His affection had been slumbering and it needed something like this to arouse it. He forced down the impulse to tell his companion that the woman she laughed at, the dress and hat she ridiculed, were part of his own home. His regard for the vain girl had diminished a great deal.

One part of the play was very interesting to Roy. Two of the characters had a discussion about clothes. One of them contended that the clothes a person wears shows the mental state of that person. "Look at the great men of to-day. None of them go around in shabby attire. They clothe themselves in a style befitting their mental and social positions. Down in the slums you will find the contrast. The slovenly appearance of the habitues of the slums is plain evidence of their mental inefficiency."

"That is probably true in some cases," said the other, "but history tells us that many of our great men never dressed in a showy manner. And we must not forget that some of our presidents were poor boys, and that their clothes were not of the best. Many a man and woman, clad almost in rags, that we pass on the street, may be just as much a lady or gentleman as the most expensively dressed people we see."

"Look at it this way," said the first speaker. "In a room are two girls. One has beautiful, expensive clothes on, and the other one is shabbily clad. You have your choice of taking either one into a ball-

room and dance with her. Which one will you choose?"

"I think that is farfetched. If a person does not dress well because he or she can't afford it, or for any other reason, they would not, I'm sure, want to enter a place where well-dressed people are. A person's deportment, not clothes, is the best evidence to go by. I think many poorly dressed men and women are victims of sacrifice."

After the show was over he took her to a first-class restaurant and they stayed there an hour, listening to the music while they ate and chatted. Roy and his friend overheard two of the waiters talking about two men who were just going out. The waiter who had served them had not received tips from them, and he was angry about it. It happened that Roy and Mildred got in the same car as these two men, and they sat in the seat behind them. They could hear the conversation of the men.

"I know that the waiter was expecting a tip," said one of the men, "but I simply won't give any one a tip. I'll tell you why. I have a daughter at home, and she is a good girl, and is a great help to me. My meals are always on time, and my home is properly cared for. My wife died several years ago. Somehow, I never seemed to have any money for my girl. I was too generous outside of my home. She took sick, and I almost lost her, and it was then that I realized how dear she was to me. It seems strange that we never give such things any attention until some contingency brings them forcibly to one's mind. She always stood well in her studies at school, and I know now that through my negligence she never was as well supplied with spending money as the other girls were. She could not get dresses as nice as those worn by her girl chums. She never complained about it, and though I realize that clothes don't count, I have been sorry ever since that I didn't provide better for her that way. I am doing my best now to make amends, and she is not spoiled by it. Instead of giving and spending money uselessly, I put it to better use. We are very happy now."

"I understand," said the other man, "because I, too, learned a lesson I'll never forget. My wife is a fine cook; I think her dinners can't be beaten by any chef in the city. She attends to my inner and outer comfort day after day, but until lately I didn't seem to appreciate it. When I go to a restaurant once or twice a week I get that small amount of service, yet my wife is always working for me. An incident occured some time ago and it brought these facts to my attention, and I was astonished when I found out how negligent I had been. But it's different now. I devote more attention to her, and take better care of her financially. I do my best to make life a pleasure for her, and I know that we are happier now than we've ever been."

Roy did not intend to listen, but the subject was interesting to him. After the men got off the car he said: "I've learned more tonight than I've learned since I left school."

"In what way?" asked Mildred.

"Well, the play gave me some new ideas, and the conversation we just heard was an inspiration also."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to let the words of men you do not know, and words of actors on the stage, influence you?"

"Yes, I am," he replied firmly. "I can see now where I have done wrong in many things."

"What are you going to do, dress in rags?" she sneered.

"No, I'm not going to do that. But I'm going to see that the best mother any fellow ever had gets better treatment. I'll be frank with

you Mildred. That woman you laughed at was my mother. I won't take you out any more."

"I don't care; I can get other escorts," she said.

"Yes, you can," he acknowleged, "because you are pretty and you dress nice. That's what drew me to you, but my eyes are open now. There are other things to consider to which I paid no attention before."

From then, until they arrived at her home, they were silent. He was genuinely glad when he bid her good night. On the way back home he bought a box of a certain kind of candy which he knew his mother was fond of. He felt ashamed when he thought of how long a time it was since he took candy home to her.

She was seated in her rocking-chair, reading the Bible when he arrived. "How was the show Roy?" she asked.

"Fine, mother. The play was instructive as well as entertaining. But look what I have for you," and he held up the box of candy. The look of joy on her face showed him how much she appreciated the candy. He kissed her, then went up stairs to his room, more contented than he had been in a long time.

The next morning he told his mother all that had happened the night before. "Mother," he said, "I'm going to help you every morning before I go to the office, so tell me what to do." The many little things he could do showed him how much walking and exertion he could save his mother, and it brought vividly to his mind the thought that he had been paying too much attention to his own pleasure and enjoyment, and not enough to the comfort of his mother. Several weeks passed by and Roy done all he could to make things easier for his mother. Once every week he took her to the theatre. On Sunday mornings he accompanied her to church, instead of sleeping as had been his wont. Roy felt that it was a pleasure to live these days; he took more interest in his work; his tasks were never irksome anymore.

One day a notice was posted on the bulletin board in the office where Roy worked. The notice stated that the business of the firm had increased to such an extent that the silent partners were going to take an active part in the affairs of the company, and that there would be several promotions, to be announced on Saturday. When that day came Roy was called into the manager's office and informed that he was to be the private secretary of Mr. Swan, one of the partners. The following Monday morning Roy went to Mr. Swan's office and he was surprised to see one of the men he and Mildred had heard talking in the trolley car that night. Mr. Swan noticed Roy's surprise and asked him about it, and the young man frankly told him all that had happened that night. Mr. Swan said: "Roy, God has given every one of us a heart and a set of brains. If we train our brains to think right, and our hearts to beat right, we can feel sure that success will crown our efforts. I neglected to make life worth living for my darling girl, but when death nearly claimed her, it opened my eyes. If we all go through life, being kind, helpful and considerate, we will always be happy." Mr. Swan went to one of the doors that led into one of the other offices and knocked on it. "Tell Mr. Trainor I want to see him," he said to the boy who came to the door. The man who entered was the one who had been with Mr. Swan on the trolley car that night. The latter informed Mr. Trainor of what Roy had told him and he said to the youth: "I am glad our few words helped to show you the right way to go. No one ever regrets doing right, and being fair and square. It sometimes takes a severe jolt to bring us to

a realization of our duty, but to true-hearted men and women the severeness of the jolt is more than compensated for by the good that results from it."

"I've found that to be true sir," said Roy.

A few days later Bertha Swan came into the office. Roy was introduced to her. She was a delightful girl, and Roy was well pleased when her father told him to show her through the works. She was greatly interested and asked many questions. He was sorry when she had to go. He took particular notice that she wasn't wearing an engagement ring. After she left Mr. Swan remarked: "She's a fine girl, and I love her dearly. I suppose some one will take her from me some day." He gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling for a few moments, then started to dictate letters.

Roy and Bertha met often. Sometimes at the office, sometimes at her father's home. The result was inevitable. They fell in love, became engaged, and six months later they were married.

(The end.)

A Girl Worth While.

Story Of A Blind Girl.

By George Dreisbach.

Part 1.

Upper Lehigh, in the state of Pennsylvania, is a hustling village containing about one thousand inhabitants. It is a coal mining town and the people are congenial. Strangers have no difficulty in getting acquainted.

James Burton was the head blacksmith at the mines, and his son Fred was a locomotive engineer. Two daughters, Beatrice, twenty years old, and Alice, twenty-two years old, were the other members of the family. Beatrice was blind. On her sixteenth birthday Mrs. Burton had taken her out for a carriage ride. The horse ran away and the carriage upset. The blacksmith's wife was killed, and Beatrice lost the sight of both eyes. A specialist was summoned from Philadelphia and he made a thorough examination. His decision was known only to Dr. Stanwell, the local physician, and Mr. Burton. Beatrice was a sweet, lovable girl. If her affliction ever worried her she did not show it. She possessed a generous heart and a sunny disposition. No one ever saw a frown on her face.

Alice was entirely different. She had a cranky, ill-tempered disposition. When things went wrong she vented her spite on her blind sister. Fred and his father knew that Alice was mean, but they worked

all day, and Beatrice would not complain, so they didn't know how mean she really was. It seemed as if Alice possessed a heart of stone, for she never felt a qualm over her treatment of the blind girl, who tried hard to please her. Beatrice could do most of the household duties and many times she had done more than her share so that Alice could get away early when she wanted to go to a show or to a party. Alice did not appreciate the goodness of her sister. She seemed to think it was the proper thing, and instead of showing some affection, she spoke harsh words, and several times she had slapped her.

Fred was twenty-three years old, and a finer young fellow could could not be found in the town. He idolized his blind sister, and had he known how cruel Alice was there would have been trouble. His blind sister loved him dearly, but she would not tell him about Alice. Fred often made some sacrifice in order to contribute to Alice's pleasure, but she didn't value his goodness either.

Calvin Coles was a New York City boy. He worked on the surveying corps. He had been working at the colliery about six months now. No one knew anything about him. He met Alice at a dance one night and they fell in love with each other.

Elva Owens, an eighteen-year-old girl, was Beatrice's chum. The two girls often took long walks through the woods north of the town. They were more like sisters than friends.

John Wilkes was nineteen years old, and he was Elva's "steady." At the works he was Fred's "patcher." His duty was to couple and uncouple the cars, set the switches, and perform other work connected with the position.

Jenny Fields, Elva's cousin, was a heartless flirt. She was a pretty girl and, of course, she had many admirers. One of her whims was to make a date with one of boys, then go out with some one else. Once she had played that trick on Fred. He never asked her to go out with him again, and the proud beauty was miffed about it. She tried to get Calvin Coles interested in her, but all her flirting didn't do any good. Calvin would not leave Alice. So Jenny fancied she had cause to bear a grudge against two members of the Burton family.

Jenny had arranged a surprise party for Elva, and a few days before the day of the party Fred overheard a conversation between Elva's cousin and a girl friend. He did not intend to play eavesdropper but he was in such a position that he couldn't get away without being seen. He was glad he heard what they said.

"Will the Burtons be there?" Jenny's friend asked.

"Yes, they'll be there. I invited Mr. Coles and I had to invite Alice, of course. I had to ask Beatrice because she and Elva are friends. Fred won't leave her go alone, so he'll be there. I wish they wouldn't come, for he is an awkward lummox, and the blind one will be in the way most of the time, I suppose."

"She can sing, and can play a violin, I believe," said the other girl.

"She can screech a little, and can saw on a fiddle," growled Jenny. They walked on and Fred murmured to himself: "Beatrice is blind but I wouldn't give her little finger for a dozen of such girls. I don't care what they say about me, but they must let her alone. So she can 'screech and saw' can she? We will see."

The night of the party arrived. Alice and Calvin had arranged to meet in Freeland, and she was up in her room, dressing. Beatrice was washing the dishes. Fred went into the kitchen.

"I'd help you, Sweetie"—a pet name he had given her—"but I must have a new pair of shoes, so I will hurry up to the store and get them before it closes." He had only reached the door when Alice came

down stairs. "Fred," she said, "I saw a pair of pretty slippers in a store over in Freeland, and I would like to buy them. Will you give me four dollars?" She went to the mirror and arranged her hat. He looked at his shoes, then at the slippers she had on. They were better than his shoes. She became impatient. "Well, are you going to give me the money?" she demanded. He gave her the amount, and after she left he took off his coat. Beatrice walked over to him. "Fred, did you give her all the money you had?" she asked.

"Yes, that was all the spare cash I had just now," he answered. He got the shoe brush and rubbed and polished his shoes until they looked pretty good.

It was eight o'clock when Fred and Beatrice arrived at Elva's, and all the other guests were there. Alice was proudly displaying her new slippers. The blind girl and her brother were soon called on to play, and a minute later they were playing a beautiful instrumental selection. In one part there was a series of dreamy, dulcet notes, and when they came to that part the second time, Beatrice sang. The words were of her own composition; even Fred did not know about it. He paused a moment in surprise, then he continued to play the accompaniment, but he kept his eyes on his sister's face. She was an elocutionist, and she modulated her voice to correspond with the sentiment of the song she was singing. A thrill of joy went through Fred's being as he listened, and the applause she received gratified him very much. He glanced at Jenny and he saw that she didn't look very happy. The way Beatrice "screeched and sawed" was a great shock to her. Alice was amazed at the ability of her sister, and a bitter feeling took possession of her, but she didn't say anything mean just then.

Elva threw her arms around her blind friend and kissed her. "Oh, Beatrice, that was grand! Repeat it for us, won't you?" she begged, and to please her friend she played and sang again.

Then they started to play games. During the evening Jenny made a remark to her friend, and it was heard by Beatrice and her brother, as Jenny intended it to be. "Look at Fred Burton's shoes," she said, with a sneer. "It's a wonder he wouldn't get new ones. I suppose his snip of a sister will think she's the whole thing now." Fred was not a quarrelsome boy, but he would have resented that remark about his sister. A gentle pressure on his arm made him pause. If he said anything then about the saracastic remark it would prove embarrassing to Beatrice. He looked at her and saw a sweet smile on her lips and a gentle, pleasing expression on her face. The look of annoyance left his face, and he caught her hand and squeezed it lovingly. The blind girl done her share in the games and music, showing no ill-will toward Jenny at any time, this being more evidence of her wonderful disposition. One must have a heart of gold in order to try to be friendly with some one whose dislike is evident. Fred appreciated his sister's efforts, and he felt that she set a good example for all to emulate. But Jenny couldn't see anything noble in Beatrice's endeavors to be friendly. Once a Freeland boy had been turned down by her and he was very bitter against her. In the engine shed at noon the next day several of the boys were discussing the matter. Fred said to him: "Why not let her alone Sam? My idea of those things is to not say a word about them, because it causes unpleasant reports to be circulated about a girl. You wouldn't want to hear your sisters criticized like that, would you?"

"I'd expect them to be criticized if they done fool things like that," growled Sam. "Jenny ought to know that such actions are not a

credit to her. She has played that game on many good fellows, and you know it. Why do you take her part when she has treated you the—" but Fred walked out of the shed. These, and many other thoughts about Jenny came to his mind as he took part in the games.

On the way home from the party Fred told Beatrice about Jenny, and she asked: "But why does she dislike me. I never harmed her."

"I guess it's because you are in the Burton family," answered her brother. When they reached the house he noticed that her eyes and cheeks were wet from tears. He kissed her and said: "Don't let it worry you, Sweetie; it's not worth being distressed about."

"I was thinking of the shoes, Fred. It was mean of Jenny to sneer at you."

"I had forgotten all about the shoes," he smiled. "Alice had her slippers and was proud of them, so I am satisfied. Well, I am going to bed." He kissed her, then went up to his room. She sat down in a rocking-chair, and fifteen minutes later Alice came in.

"Well," she sneered, "I hope you are satisfied. You and your brother forced yourselves in and showed off!"

"Alice, please don't say that. Fred is very good to you."

"He thinks of no one but you. I wish father would send you to a home; you are only in the way here!"

"Oh, Alice, how can you say such things? "sobbed Beatrice.

"Don't be a baby," said Alice. She shook her sister severely, then muttered: "I don't know what our precious brother sees in you to make so much fuss over!" Having vented some of her spite she sat down.

Beatrice went over and dropped on her knees by her sister's chair, and pleaded: "Oh, Alice, I beg your pardon if I have done anything to offend you or make you feel sad. I speak for Fred too. Please forgive us if we have hurt you. I love you, Alice, as sisters should love each other. Please kiss me and tell me that you forgive me." Tears trickled down her cheeks as she made the appeal. But the plea did touch Alice's heart; it seemed to have the opposite effect for she became enraged and slapped Beatrice in the face! The blind girl was always ready to go more than halfway in her efforts to avert trouble and ill-feeling. Her face was smarting from the sting of the slap as she rose to her feet, then leaned down and kissed Alice! "I forgive you, dear sister," she whispered, then she went up to her room and for the first time in many months she cried herself to sleep.

"She must be afraid of me," thought Alice, and by that thought she showed how little she understood her sister. Not having a generous, loving disposition, she could not understand the promptings of a nature such as Beatrice possessed, so she placed a wrong meaning on the blind girl's action.

Part 2.

One night Mr. Burton asked Fred to take a walk with him, and to Fred's surprise his father took him to Dr. Stanwell's office. The doctor handed him a letter and told him to read it. Fred read the letter.

Phila. Pa., June 7, 1916.

Dr. Stanwell,
Upper Lehigh, Pa.
Dear Doctor—

Send Miss Burton to me on Wednesday.

E. R. Mason.

Fred handed the letter back and looked at the doctor inquiringly. "What does it mean?" he asked, and the physician replied: "When the specialist examined Beatrice he told us that he could not do anything then. He was sure her sight could be restored, but we would have to wait about four years. He gave me instructions as to the examinations and treatment she should have every month. I have reported her condition frequently to the specialist; this letter explains the rest."

Fred was dazed for a moment. "Beatrice has a chance to regain her sight! Oh, how happy that makes me feel!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Fred," said his father. "The specialist is confident that an operation will be successful. It will cost us two hundred dollars. We will mortgage our property in Hazleton to get the money to—"

"Father, I have enough money in the bank to pay all the expenses, we will use that," interrupted Fred.

"That's the spirit young man," approved the doctor. "Our plan is for you to take her to Philadelphia on Wednesday morning. The specialist will meet you at the station, and will take you and her to the hospital, and she will be operated on in the afternoon. We won't say a word about it to the folks here until you come back."

"You don't know how happy this makes me feel," said Fred. "I love my sister dearly, and my heart cried out against her affliction. It seemed unjust. Both of you know what a wonderful girl she is, but you do not know her as I know her. She is an angel on earth." When Fred left the office his eyes were full of tears of joy.

When he arrived at the house he found Beatrice playing the violin. "Hello Sweetie," he called, "come and take a walk with me unless you would rather have a nicer escort." She laughed and said that he suited her. They walked out to the "Prospect Rock" a mile west of the town. Many lovers had spent happy hours on this rock.

"Father seemed unusually happy to-night," remarked Beatrice. "I think he feels contented now that the last payment has been made on that property in Hazleton."

"He is pleased for another reason. I have good news for you."

"Is it about yourself, Fred? Are you going to get married?"

"It's about you, Sweetie." Then he told her all about it, and when he finished she burst into tears. They were the only two on the rock at the time, so he put his arm around her and held her close to him until the tears ceased, and the smile came to her face again. "Oh, Fred, forgive me for crying, but I couldn't help it. I'm glad I have a chance to see again. I have often felt sad because I could not see the things that you and Elva would describe to me, though I always hid my feelings. I am always in the way when we go any where—"

Fred put his hand over her mouth. "That will do," he interrupted. "I find more pleasure escorting you to places than I do in anything else."

"You are the best brother in the world," she said, "and you really love your blind sister?"

"There isn't words enough in the dictionary for me to use to tell you how much I love you!" he answered.

"What a splendid lover you would be! I often wondered why you never fell in love with one of the girls; you waste all your time and affection on me. But no! no! I can not spare you because you and daddy are all I have. I fear I am selfish but I don't know what I'd do without you."

Fred squeezed her hands. Somehow, he always felt that his interest in her was more than brotherly. He had spent many hours in the

society of other girls, yet he always felt happier when he was with his own sister. It seemed strange that his heart beat faster when she caressed him than it did when some other girl kissed him.

"I hope the operation will be successful," said Beatrice. "If I regain my sight I will try to repay you for the many kind things you have done for me."

"You have done more for me than you realize. When that accident happened I was eighteen years old and a wilder boy could not be found in the town. Spending money went for drink and dice. I went with evil companions, and mother's heart was breaking because of my conduct. I was nearly drunk when they came for me, and I hurried home only to see mother's dead body, and you all bandaged up, and they told me that you were blind. God alone knows what I suffered then. After mother was buried father and I had a long talk, and I vowed I'd never touch liquor again. It was hard to break away at first. But from then on you seemed to exert a strange influence over me. At first I would go to you when I was tempted to go out with my former evil companions, and the desire would leave me. After a time my will power was sufficient. The only money I spent on anything other than my own pleasure was for the violin I bought for you. You never knew what kind of a boy I was, because we kept it from you."

"I am very glad you are not that kind of a boy now Fred. But can father spare the money for the operation?"

"I have enough in the bank. We will use that."

"Oh Fred! I don't know how to thank you. You are the best boy in the world." She kissed him, then they walked back to the house, talking about the coming trip.

Part 3.

Fred and Beatrice left on the first train on Wednesday morning. Fred left the rumor circulate among their friends that he was taking his blind sister to the city for a treat. Alice had not been told about the benefit Beatrice was expected to derive from trip, but it probably would not have made any difference to her if she had been informed. She had to do all the work around the house that day, and it gave her a chance to see how much work her sister done in a day. Instead of making her feel glad that Beatrice would have a rest it made her more bitter than ever. When Coles called that evening she told him all about it.

"Alice," he said, "I love you and I want you to be my wife. You can see that you are not wanted here. Let's get married and go to New York City. Will you Alice? You are of age, so you don't need your father's consent." She agreed to his plans, and on Friday they were married in Hazleton. Alice sent her father a letter, then they boarded a train for the city. When Mr. Burton got her letter he murmured: "I hope they get along all right. I am glad her mother isn't here now." He had also received a letter, postmarked in New York City, and the contents pleased him very much. Just then a clerk from the office came in and gave him a telegram. When the clerk went out Mr. Burton read the message. "Thank God, Beatrice can see!" he exclaimed. "She has lots of good luck," he thought, as he glanced at the letter he had received from New York.

Two weeks later Dr. Stanwell, Mr. Burton, John Wilkes and Elva Owens drove over to the railroad station in Hazleton to meet Fred and Beatrice. John and Elva had not been told that Fred's sister could see, so they were astonished when they saw her run right up to

Mr. Burton and hug and kiss him. Then she hugged and kissed the others, even the doctor, who turned and cranked his automobile, in order to hide the tears that were in his eyes. He loved her as much as he loved his own daughters.

Elva was so excited that she could hardly stand still. "Oh, dear," she cried, "I don't know what I am doing or saying! To think that you can see!" and she kissed Beatrice several times.

The good news about Beatrice soon spread over the town, and for several hours she was kept busy responding to congratulations. Even Jenny Fields came in and spoke cheering words. That night Fred's father told him and Beatrice that he had something important to tell them. They drew their chairs up close to him.

"Years ago I was a blacksmith in a shop in New York City. One evening a stranger came to my house. He had a baby in his arms. He told us that his wife had died two weeks before, and that he was looking for a family that would take care of his baby daughter. At first I refused to take the baby, but he told me that he would have to put her in a home, if I did not take her. My wife took a fancy to the child and begged me to keep it. The man furnished proof that she was a legitimate child, so I consented to take her. Her father told us that he was going out west, and that we would hear from him when he succeeded in making a fortune. He had lots of confidence in his ability to make good. He gave me the name of a lawyer and told me to write to him two or three times a year and inform him how the girl was getting along. I resigned my position and came here. We liked this place, and the people, so we settled down here. I suppose both of you have guessed that Beatrice was that baby. When that accident occured, I became almost crazed from grief. I had intended to let the lawyer know about Beatrice, but when the specialist said she had a chance to regain her sight, I decided to wait. I'm glad I did wait, because things have turned out all right. I got a letter from the lawyer and he informed me that Beatrice's father had returned, and that he would call to-morrow for his daughter." His voice broke into a sob as he realized how hard the parting would be.

She threw her arms around Mr. Burton and hugged and kissed him. "I'll never leave you! You have been so good and kind to me all these years, and I love you dearly." She glanced shyly at Fred. He held out his arms and in an instant she was in his loving embrace, and their lips were together in their first kiss of sweetheart love. They now understood why they found so much pleasure in each other's society. Their hearts had long ago found out what their minds had not. Mr. Burton slipped quietly out of the room.

Part 4.

The next morning Mr. Burton went to the station and met Mr. James, and took him to the house. The instant that the newcomer saw the girl he exclaimed: "My daughter," and they greeted each other affectionately. "You look just like your mother did when she was your age," he said. Beatrice and Fred prepared dinner while the two men smoked and talked. After dinner Fred said to their new friend: "Mr. James, until last night I thought Beatrice was my sister. We have talked it over and we know that our love is stronger and deeper than brotherly and sisterly affection." Beatrice came to Fred's side and he took her hand in his. Rosy blushes covered her face, but she looked bravely at her father and Mr. Burton. Fred continued: "I have asked her to be my wife, and she has consented, subject to your approval. I ask you sir, for your consent to our marriage."

Mr. James grasped Fred's hand. "I've known you only a few hours, my boy," he said, "but I like you very much. I can truthfully say that I am pleased to give my consent." Beatrice hugged and kissed her father and Fred, then she went over to Mr. Burton. "I'll be your daughter after all," she whispered, as she nestled in his arms.

On the following Tuesday night Fred and Beatrice were married, and on Wednesday morning all of them left for New York City. Mr. James bought a manufacturing concern, and in a few weeks the three men were busy running the place. Everything went along smoothly and they were very happy.

One day, about two months after they had come to the city to live, a letter, addressed to Mr. Burton, was delivered by the mail carrier. The original postmark was a New York City stamp. The letter had been sent to Upper Lehigh, and the postmaster there had sent it to Fred's father. Mr. Burton recognized Alice's handwriting, and he eagerly read the letter. She stated that they were getting along nicely, but that she got very homesick at times. It happened that he was alone when the letter came, so he decided to go and see her. In an hour's time he reached the place. He greeted her affectionately, then he told her the news, and she was astonished when he told her that they were living in the city. She begged him to wait and meet Calvin, and have supper with them, and he consented.

When Calvin saw Alice's father his face got pale, but Mr. Burton put him at his ease by the cordial greeting he gave him. After the meal was over they went to Mr. Burton's home.

Fred and Beatrice gave their relatives a genuine welcome, and then Mr. James was introduced to the newcomers. While the men chatted and smoked the girls went into another room.

"Oh, Alice, I am so glad you are well and happy," said Beatrice, her face radiant with smiles; "now we can be together all the time," she added, giving Alice a loving hug.

"Sister, I don't know what to say," said Alice. "I always was rude and unkind to you, and I never had any reasons to be. Will you ever forgive me?" and Beatrice answered: "I loved you then and I love you now. There is nothing to forgive."

Two weeks later Calvin was given a responsible position with the firm, and he and Alice moved into the house next to her father's.

Thus we leave our friends, happy in the sunshine of love; contented in the affection that comes from the joy of being with loved ones.

(The end.)

THE LITTLE SLATE PICKER.

By George Dreisbach.

One morning, in the month of April, 1898, in the kitchen of one of the houses in the coal mining town of Diamondville, a man and a boy were donning their "working clothes," while a woman and a girl were busy getting breakfast ready, and "packing the dinner cans." The man was Frank Small, a coal miner, and the boy was his son John. This was to be John's first day as a slate picker, and he was "togging"

himself in the usual outfit worn by the breaker boys. It consisted of a pair of thick soled, hobnailed shoes, blue drilling overalls and blouse, and a cap, with a leather attachment on it, to hold a miner lamp. John was twelve years old, and his sister Ella was fourteen. The latter was busy helping her mother.

The district school winter session had ended, and most of the boys in the village were going to work as slate pickers in the coal breaker over at the foot of the mountain. John had often wished he could work in that breaker, and now his ambition was to be a reality.

A slate picker, in those days, received three cents an hour. The prices of food, and other necessaries of life, were not very high in those days, but, as a general rule, many families found themselves just about "square" at the end of each month. So the small amount the slate pickers received was some help in settling the bills each month. A small town, about two miles away, had an opera house, to which, now and then, a show came. But amateur theatricals, fairs, festivals, and such like, were the principle modes of enjoyment.

Mr. Small had to go to work earlier than John, so before he left he said to his son: "My boy, this will be a new experience for you, so whatever you are told to do, try your best to do it right. If you make a mistake, don't be afraid or ashamed to acknowledge it. Don't let anyone force you to do wrong. If anyone tries to bully you, defend and protect yourself; don't let anyone get the impression that you are a weakling. Don't be afraid you'll do too much work; in my opinion the men and boys who fear they'll do too much are the ones who never do their full share of work. Don't be a talebearer. If you hear a discreditable story about anyone, don't let it get any further than you. I have always tried to be a good father to you, and you have a fine mother and sister, so any time you want advice, or you want to confide in us, don't hesitate to speak." Mr. Small filled his pipe with tobacco; then he added: "I've heard that Jack Sparks, one of the slate picker foremen, is a hard man to work for. He is very brutal and any boy, who incurs his hatred, is treated mean. If you are placed in his charge, do your utmost to retain his good will, but do not take any undeserved punishment from him. When any of my children deserve punishment, I'll do it myself; I don't want some brute doing it. Well, I must go; good luck," and Mr. Small departed.

Ah, if every father had talked to his son like that before he went to work on the coal breaker! Many men can testify to the cruel, inhuman treatment they received, when they were slate pickers, from a domineering boss, punishment that, in most cases, was not merited. Swollen hands, caused by being hit with a piece of rawhide, aching bodies, caused by kicks and blows, and faces smarting from being hit by the hand of the boss, were only a few of the indignities some of the boys endured. Why? Because most fathers were indifferent. Had every father taken the same stand that Mr. Small took, many a day of agony and misery would have been spared some of the boys. The boys done their best to seperate as much slate from the coal as could be reasonably expected of them. But those ten hour shifts were very tiresome, and on hot, stuffy days the boys could not be blamed when they eased up a little bit. Several of the boys who had been beaten by Sparks, carried their aching bodies home and reported the affair, only to get thrashings, their fathers saying that they must have deserved the beatings at work! They did not even investigate to find out the facts in the case. After that none of the boys would tell their parents of any trouble at work, so Sparks had things his own way.

It seemed that some men were picked out to be foremen because

of their brutalness, of their ability to scare the boys and keep them in a constant state of fear and subjection, under the impression that the boys done more work. There were some good foremen, of course, but they were in the minority. The cursing, arrogant kind were most in evidence.

Harry Worth, twelve years old, was John's chum. He, too, was going to work on the breaker for the first time. His father had been killed in the mines a few months before. Through a beneficial fund, maintained by the company and the employees, Mrs. Worth had received some money, but after all the funeral expenses had been paid, there was very little of the money left. So Harry and an older brother were her support. John lived across the street from his chum, so in a few minutes the two boys were on their way to the breaker. About twenty boys reported to the outside foreman, who took them up on the breaker and put them to work.

John and Harry were placed in charge of Sparks, the former was put at one of the stove coal chutes and the latter at one of the chestnut chutes. The novelty of it all was pleasing to John. The continual whirl of the machinery; the noise of the coal as it passed through the screens, and the pounding of the shakers, all sounded like music to him. The coal from the mines was hoisted up a plane to the top of the breaker and dumped into a pocket, from which it was drawn and passed to the rollers and crushed. From the rollers the coal slid through chutes to the screens. The screens were about thirty feet long and five feet in diameter, the outlet end of each screen being about a foot and a half lower than the inlet end. The entire length was covered with segments, which were honeycombed with holes, those for the small-sized coal being first, then each size in order until the largest size fell out of the end of the screen. The crushed coal from the rollers entered the elevated end of the revolving screen, and was tossed around, each size of coal falling through the proper holes. A long water trough over each screen kept the coal wet. In some breakers the coal is run through dry, but that method creates too much dust. The fine coal was washed through a chute to shakers, on which were plates, with holes in them about the size of pin heads. The coal that fell through these holes was used in the boiler houses, and the residue went to a pocket from which it was loaded and hauled to the dirt banks. The chestnut coal and the stove coal slid down a chute and dropped into gigs. These were square, wooden tanks, half full of water, in which pan shaped arrangements, with plates, full of holes, bolted to the bottoms, worked up and down. A half-round attachment, called a cradle, was fastened to the bottom of the pan, in front, and it was so arranged that it could be tilted and the contents dumped out. One end of a thick, iron rod, was keyed to the center of the pan, and the other end fastened to an offset on a shaft. When a gig was in motion the up and down movement of the pan agitated the water, and the coal, being light, easily moved over the plates, and through an opening in the front of the pan, into a casing, where it was picked up by an endless chain of buckets, which carried the coal to the top and dumped it in the chutes at which the boys were working. The small pieces of coal, and the dirt, fell through the holes in the plates and slid along the bottom of the tank, and was picked up by an endless chain of small buckets. The slate, being heavy, slid along the plates and dropped into the cradle, which was tilted about every half-hour, and the slate dumped out. The slate was carried to the top and hauled to the refuse pile. It was impossible for the gigs to remove all the slate from the coal, hence the need of slate pickers. There were

eight pickers to a chute, so the coal was as clean as it was possible to get it.

As everything was new to John he naturally looked around now and then, and twice he saw the boss glaring at him. A little fellow, at the same chute as John, accidently threw a piece of coal into the slate box, and Sparks gave him a terrible shaking. Another boy got a cuff on the head because he talked to the boy next to him. It did not take much to arouse the man's anger.

At twelve o'clock the whistle blew, and the machinery stopped. John and Harry went off by themselves to eat their dinners, and to compare experiences. Both agreed that they liked the work, though it was tiresome sitting in one position all the time. But John said: "I guess we'll get used to it," and Harry assented. "I'm afraid I won't like the boss," said the latter. "He swore at one of the boys because he left a few pieces of slate pass. I don't like men who swear."

At one o'clock the machinery was put in motion again and the crude coal worked into sizable, marketable pieces. At six o'clock the day's work was finished, and our little friends were glad, because their backs ached and their arm and leg muscles were sore.

While eating supper John was kept busy answering the questions his parents and sister asked him. In reply to one of his father's questions John frankly told him about Sparks, and Mr. Small frowned and said: "I can't understand why a man with such a temper is allowed to have authority over boys. To my mind it does more harm than good. Well, John, you do your best to please him but do not take any undeserved punishment from him."

There were five hundred houses in Diamondville, which had been built by the coal company, and which were rented to the employees. There was a company store where the people could buy their household supplies. At the end of each month the company gave each employe an itemized bill. If the amount due the company exceeded a workman's wages during the month the balance was added to the next month's bill, no interest being charged. If there was a balance due the employe the amount was written on a stub, on the bottom of the itemized statement.

The summer months passed by and the time to start school was at hand again. Harry intended to keep on working because his financial support was needed at home. He would attend night school. John wanted to do the same but his sister and parents objected. The two boys had suffered some at the hands of the foreman—in fact none of the boys escaped punishment of some kind—but they liked the work. John had often said to his chum: "Some day things will be all right; his meanness can't last forever."

A few days before John was to leave the breaker, and go to school again, an accident occured in the mines. Mr. Small's right leg was broken by a fall of coal. The local doctor set the leg and then the injured man was taken home. That evening the members of the family talked things over. They would receive five dollars a week from a beneficial organization of which Mr. Small was a member, but that sum would be inadequate to meet their expenses. John begged his parents let him continue to work, so they consented.

Hallow'een came. All kinds of affairs had been arranged for the occasion. Several of the breaker boys had planned to play an old trick on Sparks. While all kinds of innocent pranks were being played in different parts of the town, these boys carried out their plan. The houses were built double, a family living in each side. There were no houses on the opposite side of the road at this place, so two of the boys

concealed a box, filled with decayed fruit, and very bad eggs, in the underbrush. The curtains were up and the boys could see Sparks seated in a rocking-chair, reading a paper. The man in the next house was sitting at a table, writing. While one of the boys acted as lookout, the rest worked cautiously and succeeded in stringing a heavy wire from he knob of the door on the foreman's house to the one on his neighbor's house, without attracting the attention of the two men. The wire was left slack enough so that one of the doors could be opened about a foot. One of the boys threw several stones against the foreman's door, and a few seconds later one of the other boys done the same thing to the neighbor's door. Sparks ran to the door, turned the knob, and gave the door a powerful pull. The door opened about a foot, then stopped suddenly, nearly dislocating the man's arm. An awful curse came from him, then he unwisely stuck his head through the opening. At that instant the man in the next house tried to open his door. Of course, he couldn't open it more than an inch or two and he pulled and tugged at a great rate and the more he exerted himself the more pressure he put on the door of his neighbor's house and Sparks, whose neck was between the edge of the door and the casing, got a squeezing that made him howl. How those boys laughed when they heard him yell! The man in the next house got mad and he gave his door several hard jerks and the pain caused by the extra pressure made Sparks yell louder than before. Then the boys threw their ammunition and in a few seconds the man's head and face, and the door, was covered with the unsavory stuff. The neighbor realized by this time that something was wrong, so he went out the back way and around to the front of the house, and when he saw the wire he laughed heartily. He unfastened the wire from his door, then went into the house, chuckling. How Sparks swore! and how those boys laughed! Many times the foreman had hurt them, and now they had evened things up a little. He raved like a madman, and if any of the boys had fallen into his clutches that night, they would have rued it for many days. But the youngsters hied themselves off to other amusements.

The next morning, while Sparks was on his way to work, several men stopped him and guyed him about the affair of the night before. The bantering aroused the man's temper and anger worse than ever, and when he arrived at the breaker he was in a terrible rage. The boys knew that they would have to be good that day so when the whistle blew every one of them hurried to their proper places, eager to do their best.

Sparks glared at the boys. He hoped that he'd be able to detect the guilty ones, but he was unable to do so. The outside foreman came in, said something to Sparks, laughed, and passed on. The scowl on his face got darker. Trouble was coming and the boys wondered which one of them the blow would hit.

John and Harry were working at the same chute now, and were near enough to talk to each other. That morning John's father had told a funny story. On the way to work John had told it to his chum and they enjoyed a good laugh. About two hours after they started to work the story came to their minds, and they looked at each other and burst out laughing. They had forgotten about the boss, but that worthy had his eyes open, and he thought the boys were laughing at him. He grabbed the boys by their collars and jerked them out on the floor, and the way he handled the youngsters was a caution. When his wrath had subsided somewhat he put the boys to work at the top of the egg coal chute.

Of all the places on the breaker those most dreaded by the pickers

were these two places at the top of egg coal chute. The coal dropped from the end of the screen and slid down a chute about twenty-five feet before it reached the first two pickers. These two boys would hold the coal back and pick the slate out as they let it slowly pass. The sliding coal from the screen would hit the coal that was held back and small pieces, about the size of pin heads, would break off and fly through the air, and drops of sulphur-water would be splashed around. Sometimes a small piece of coal or a drop of sulphur-water would get in a picker's eye and cause him great inconvenience until he managed to get the piece of coal or the drop of sulphur-water worked out, all the while doing his best to keep his work going properly. Egg coal is very rough and the boys tender fingers were soon sore. They put leather finger protectors on but Sparks made the boys take them off. He knew what torture sore fingers were, and the fact seemed to please him. A week passed by and John and Harry found out how hard it was to handle coal and slate with sore fingers, especially when the sores would crack open and sulphur-water would get in them. But the youngsters were game, they did not complain.

One day Sparks was standing near John, and a piece of slate passed that the boss thought the boy should have picked out. He gave the boy a stinging slap on his cheek. The pain brought tears to his eyes and he would have resented it, but just then the Superintendent and his fourteen-year-old daughter entered. Sparks hastened to meet them, and while the two men talked, Miss Edna walked over toward one of the shakers to watch it work. Near the shaker was a revolving shaft, parallel with the floor, about a foot above it. It was boxed in, except at one place, where an iron fence was placed. The fence could be swung aside so that heavy timber and machinery could be taken across. At this point the shaft was joined together by a coupling. At the end of the shaft were sliding gears, and when in mesh, they operated a drag line. By pulling a lever the gears could be disengaged, and the drag line stopped without interfering with the rest of the breaker machinery.

For some reason the fence was not around the shaft, and as Miss Edna approached it she was not watching closely. Her dress caught on the coupling and started to wind on the shaft! There was no one near enough to hear her screams. From his place at the top of the chute John could see the shaft and by some lucky chance he glanced that way just as the girl's dress caught on the coupling. He rushed over to the lever, and by pulling with all his strength, he managed to seperate the gears just in time. Her dress was made of strong material and her limbs had been drawn tight against the shaft. Another revolution of the shaft would have pulled her off her feet.

From where they stood the Superintendent and Sparks could not see the girl, so they were surprised to see John leave his place, and they went around the chute. Miss Edna was very weak and John was holding her up. One of the other boys pulled the signal wire and the engineer stopped the machinery.

Sparks cut the dress with his pocket-knife, and the girl told them what had happened. She held out her hands to John and he was going to grasp them when he noticed blood on his own hands. He tried to hide them but the Superintendent had seen them. The exertion, when he pulled the lever, had started the blood to oozing out of the sores on his finger tips. The Superintendent questioned John and the other boys and he learned how hard it was on the fingers and hands to pick slate at the egg coal chute. Then he noticed how red and slightly swollen John's face was and he asked the boy about it.

John hesitated. Would his father approve if he told how they were treated by Sparks? Should he take advantage of the opportunity and tell everything? Perhaps the Superintendent did not know how mean the foreman really was. Just then the outside foreman came in and John decided not to let the chance slip away so he told the whole story, and he was backed by several of the boys who, impressed by their fellow-worker's brave stand, lost their fear of the foreman. Sparks was discharged and ordered to leave the place.

The Superintendent and the outside foreman conferred together for a few minutes, then the machinery was put in motion again. John was told to take the balance of the day off, and to tell his father that the Superintendent wanted to see him.

Mr. Small's leg was nearly better, and he could walk around without the aid of crutches now. He was surprised to see John coming home before noon, and he listened attentively to his son's story.

"You done what was right, my boy," he said, when John had finished. Then he went up to the office.

"Hello, Mr. Small, glad to see you," greeted the Superintendent. "I am pleased to know that you are getting along all right. Dr. Ardmore told me that you must not work in the mines any more. I am sorry to know it, because you are one of our best miners. But I have a place for you. I want you to take charge of the breaker boys. You will get more pay than Sparks got. I did not know that the man was so mean. I am going to put your son in the machine shop so he can learn the machinist's trade. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, sir, I am satisfied," replied Mr. Small, "and I thank you very much. I will treat the boys right. Good day, sir," and he left the office and went back home.

The boys were treated fine by Mr. Small, and they done their best for him at all times. The egg coal chute was altered and it was made easier for the boys to pick slate there. John learned the machinist's trade and later on he became the head machinist for the company.

(The end.)

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